

The Sketch

No. 900.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1910.

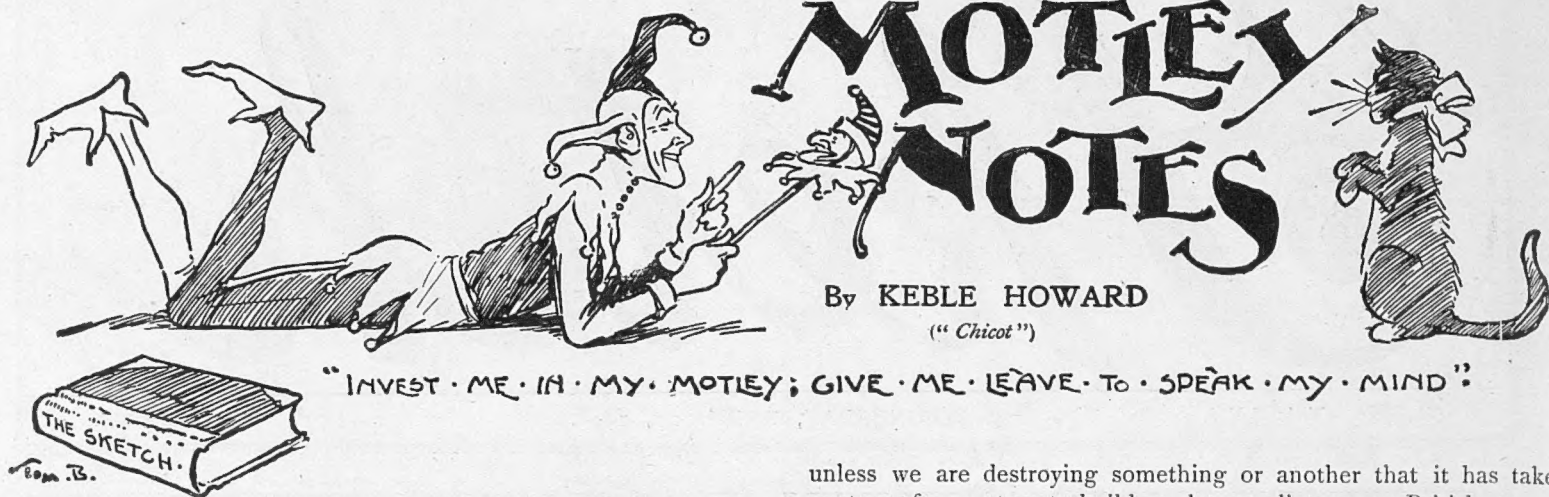
SIXPENCE.



THE FLIGHT FOR £10,000: MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, WHO FLEW 113 MILES ACROSS ENGLAND IN AN ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER, ON SATURDAY.

Mr. Grahame-White made a remarkable attempt to win the "Daily Mail" £10,000 prize for the first flight from London to Manchester, on Saturday last. There seems little doubt that but for the cold and the strength of the wind he would have succeeded in his task. As it was, he flew 113 miles with one stop. Mr. Grahame-White is thirty, and has been an aviator for little more than six months. He learnt on a Blériot monoplane, but now favours the Farman biplane. He is well known as a motorist.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



"Are We Too Reserved?"

The readers of one of my daily papers are being agitated by a discussion under the heading "Are We Too Reserved?" Most of them come to the conclusion that they are. "Constant Reader," for example, whom you would never have suspected of being reserved, writes in this way: "We are much too reserved. Almost as soon as our boys and girls leave school they adopt airs and graces, under the impression that they are men and women. But the pathway of pretence is a dangerous one to travel, and what we want is less sham and more reality." "Constant Reader," I suppose, would like to see his boys slapping old gentlemen on the back and setting them right about their politics; he would like to see his girls, I presume, tweaking the ears of the best-looking young gentlemen of their acquaintance in order to attract their attention. He continues: "There are thousands of honest hearts waiting for the kind word which some seem to find it so hard to give. Yet a kind word costs the giver nothing, and is worth much to the recipient. Right wrongs no one." These are very admirable sentiments, and do tremendous credit to "Constant Reader's" heart. But there are occasions when the kind word is better withheld. Save us from an inundation of promiscuous gush!

"I Will Stay with him All Day."

It is quite true that the Britisher is reserved; he has no reason to be ashamed of it. He is reserved, in the first place, because he is too proud to risk a snub. He will not have anyone suppose that he is anxious to force his society upon him. The dramatic critic of a very well-known London paper was once talking to me between the acts of a new play in a vein that I thought extremely offensive. We were sitting in the stalls, and he has a way of pitching his voice that attracts the attention of everybody in the neighbourhood. I suppose my lack of appreciation must have been fairly evident, for presently he broke the thread of his remarks and said: "If you don't like my conversation, you needn't have it." "I don't," I replied. He turned his back upon me forthwith, and has never spoken to me since—except in print. Quite right. The Britisher's other reason for his reserve is a constitutional dislike to being imposed upon. "What is better," writes R. C. S., "when travelling, than to while away the time with conversation, though one's companion may not be of the same class as oneself? Give me the man who will enter into an argument intellectually, and *I will stay with him all day* and not lose my temper." With all respect to R. C. S., that's just it.

The Britisher's Castle.

The man who is willing to enter into conversation with anybody and everybody, at any time and in any place, is generally the confirmed bore. Being incredibly thick-skinned, snubs have no terror for him. He will come up smiling again and again. He is probably so satisfied with himself that he thinks it impossible that you meant it as a snub. Once encourage him and you're done. I know charming people who have ruined their summer holidays by being amiable at the outset on the train or on the boat. The conversational bore flies to the people who are too charming to withstand his onsets just as the microbe flies to the unhealthy organ. He settles on them and proceeds to devour them. They may attempt to brush him away, but he does not mind that in the very least. He settles again and plies his horrid task more eagerly than ever. There is no escape for them except to seek another climate altogether. He has even been known to follow them home, take a house next door, and keep at them until they give up the business of life through sheer fatigue of him. Whatever else we may throw overboard in these days when we are not up to date

unless we are destroying something or another that it has taken century after century to build up, let us cling to our British reserve. It is the Britisher's castle.

Two Little Stories.

Every now and then one comes across the unreserved Britisher. I came across one a little while ago in Paris. It would be more correct, perhaps, to say that he came across me. It was in the Rue de la Paix. He was a tall, gaunt fellow of rather wild appearance. He rushed up to me with an outstretched hand. I did not take it, because I knew that I had never seen him before in my life. Most of us remember faces, and most of us remember names; we are not always able to connect the two, but that has nothing to do with the story. "Hallo, old chap!" he cried, in perfect English. "How are you after all this time?" "I've been in excellent health for the last two minutes," I said. Without another word he plunged into the traffic and disappeared. The other unreserved Britisher I met a few afternoons ago in Birdcage Walk. She was a little old lady, dressed entirely in black, intensely respectable.

"May I speak to you a moment?" she said.

"Certainly."

"You're sure you don't mind?"

"Not in the least."

"Thank you. Will you lend me sixpence?"

Allegory of the Untidy Garden.

This is the age of abolition. One man wants to abolish dogs because they get in the way of his bicycle and bite the tyres. Another man wants to abolish bicycles because they run over his dogs. Abolition is the easy remedy of a shallow and unthinking generation. You might as well abolish babies because they cry, or men because they drink, or women because they talk scandal. When I was about ten years of age I had a garden. It was the curse of my life. I never understood it. Strive as I might, I could not keep it in order. I was the natural butt of my brothers and sisters, whose gardens were always in perfect order. One day, rendered desperate by gibes, I got up very early, and pulled up every weed and plant that grew in my garden. Then I took a rake and raked it savagely until the surface was quite smooth. "If you are nothing else," I cried, "you shall at least be tidy!" Vain boast! I got into serious trouble for destroying all the plants, more serious trouble for leaving them lying on the garden path, and most serious trouble because, in my frantic enthusiasm, I had raked up some of the flowers in the garden of an elder brother, adjoining mine. I am not much of an allegorist, but you can see what I would be at.

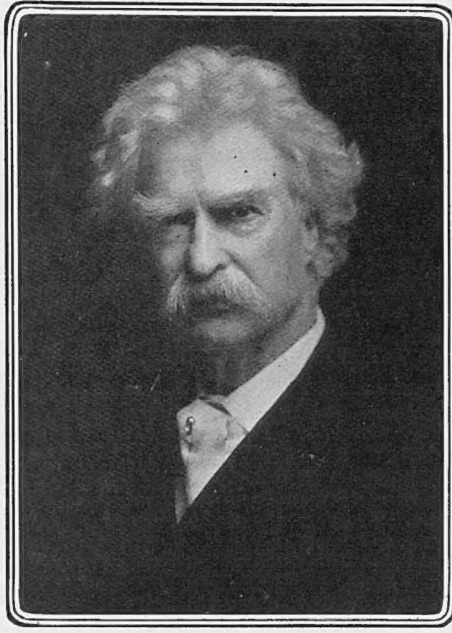
"Comic Courage."

We have been told, in many an obituary published during the last few days, that all the world loved and admired Mark Twain. The writers should have excepted the New Intellectuals, who liked to sneer at what they called Mark Twain's "comic courage." It is a cheap and easy thing, according to the New Intellectuals, to turn the faces of the public towards the light. It is a fine and a grand and a noble thing to show them nothing but the dark. This is a point of view that I, for one, cannot understand. Which is the braver officer—the man who sits down, his head between his hands, and moans, "We are lost! The battle is over! The enemy is too strong for us! We are lost!" or the man who dies fighting, his face to the foe, his last articulate sound a cry of encouragement? Decide it as you will, friend the reader, but never deny that Mark Twain was among the latter. Knowing the dark side as well as any, he deliberately chose to turn the faces of his readers to the light.

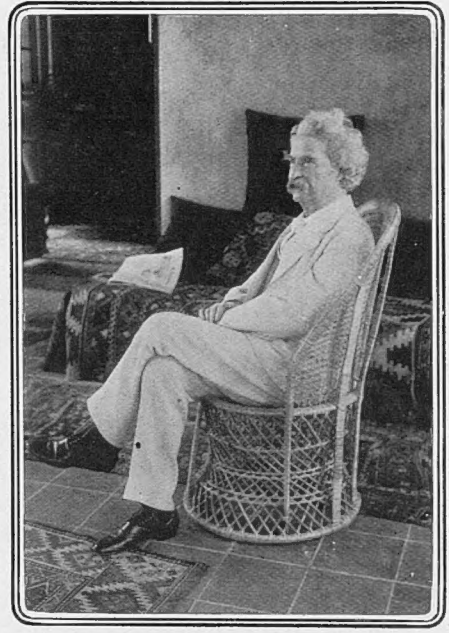
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER.



ON HIS LAST VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, MARK TWAIN ABOARD THE "MINNEAPOLIS."



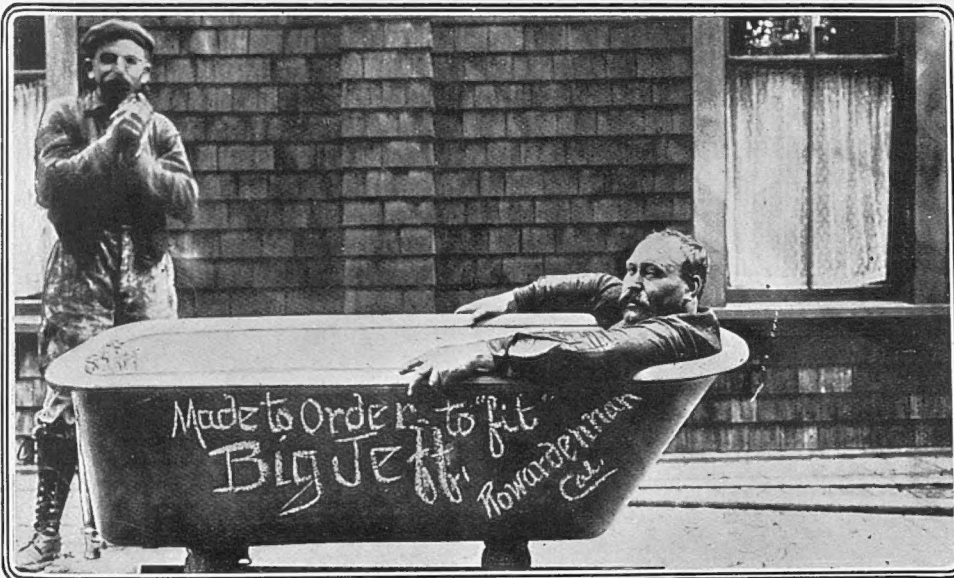
A GREAT HUMOURIST AND A GREAT MAN: THE LATE MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS).



IN THE INEVITABLE WHITE, "EASY" SUIT: MARK TWAIN AT HOME.

When Mark Twain died last week the world lost a great humourist and a great man, a writer whose works made all the world laugh, whose deeds set many an example. His books speak for him so eloquently that there is no need for us to add another to the many biographies of him that have been published; but we must say a word or two about the first of our photographs. This was taken aboard the "Minneapolis," during what was destined to be Mark Twain's last voyage to this country, and shows him talking to a young fellow-passenger, to whom he made the promise that he would attend her wedding if she would attend his funeral.

Photographs by W. Powell, Bolak, and Paul Thompson.



BUILT FOR THE BOXER WHO IS TO MEET JOHNSON: A GREAT BATH FOR "JEFF." Jeffries, who is to fight Johnson for the championship of the world on July 4, is said by some to have reduced his weight to 16 stone. Others state that he scales over 18 stone. He has about ten weeks for training, however, which will give him plenty of time to get down to normal weight, if he likes. The bath shown is 7½ ft. long, 28 in. deep, and 2 ft. 10 in. wide.—[*Photograph by Ch. Delius.*]



THE MODERN "SIAMESE TWINS": ROSA AND JOSEPHINE BLAZEK.

The sisters Blazek, who are joined to one another much as were the Siamese Twins, are skilful violinists. An interesting announcement concerning them was made last week.—[*Photograph by Trampus.*]



PAPA, MAMMA, AND BABY: MR. AND MRS. STANLEY BRETT WITH THEIR DAUGHTER. Mrs. Brett is well known on the stage as Miss Maie Ash. Mr. Brett is Mr. Seymour Hicks' brother, and is himself a popular actor.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*]



AT THE CHRISTENING OF PEGGY: MISS BETTY HICKS, MISS ELLALINE TERRISS (MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS), MISS MAIE ASH (MRS. STANLEY BRETT) AND HER DAUGHTER, FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, MR STANLEY BRETT, MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, AND MISS MABEL HICKS. Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brett, was christened at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, High Street, Kensington, last week, Father Bernard Vaughan officiating.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*]

A GLORIOUS FAILURE: A FLIGHT OF 113 MILES ACROSS ENGLAND.

MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S ATTEMPT TO WIN THE £10,000 PRIZE.



1. WAITING THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER HAND: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S FARMAN BIPLANE READY, AT PARK ROYAL, FOR THE ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER.

3. THE FIRST HALT: SIGNALLING MR. GRAHAME-WHITE WHERE TO ALIGHT AT RUGBY BY MEANS OF WHITE CLOTHS ON THE GROUND AND WAVING HANDKERCHIEFS.

5. SUFFERING FROM THE COLD: A LADY LENDS MR. GRAHAME-WHITE HER MUFF AFTER THE AVIATOR'S DESCENT AT RUGBY.

2. AT THE OFFICIAL STARTING-POINT FOR THE FLIGHT: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE FLYING OVER WORMWOOD SCRUBBS AFTER HAVING LEFT PARK ROYAL AT DAWN.

4. AFTER HAVING COVERED OVER 83 MILES OF THE 186 MILES BETWEEN LONDON AND MANCHESTER: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE DESCENDING AT RUGBY TO REST AND TO PICK UP PETROL.

6. "ROTTEN!" MR. GRAHAME-WHITE, AFTER HIS DESCENT AT RUGBY, WITH MR. SYDNEY SHAW AND MR. PERRIN.

Mr. Grahame-White started from Park Royal, near Acton, at dawn on Saturday in his great attempt to win the "Daily Mail" £10,000, flew to Wormwood Scrubs in order to round the official starting-point, and then set off at a speed of over fifty miles an hour towards his destination. At Rugby he made the first of the two descents allowed by the conditions. On coming down, he complained very much of the cold, saying that he felt "rotten." Thereupon a lady lent him her muff, and Lady Denbigh threw her fur cape about his shoulders. Then he went in a closed motor-car and got some hot coffee. A little later he resumed his flight. The last of the photographs on this page shows Mr. Grahame-White with Mr. Perrin, Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, on his left, and Mr. Sydney Shaw, Secretary of the Leicester Aero Club, on his right.—[Photographs by C.N., L.N.A.]

THE LAST STAGES OF THE GREAT FLIGHT—AND THE END OF IT: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER.



1. LIGHT REFRESHMENTS BEFORE LEAVING FOR CREWE, THE PROPOSED SECOND STOPPING-PLACE: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE AT RUGBY.
2. ON HIS WAY TO GET SOME BREAKFAST: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE LEAVING HIS PLACE OF DESCENT AT RUGBY IN A CAB.
3. THE SECOND STOP, WHICH MARKED THE END OF THE ATTEMPT: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S BIPLANE IN A FIELD CLOSE TO THE RAILWAY AT HADEMORE CROSSING, BETWEEN WHITTINGTON AND TAMWORTH.
4. THE AVIATOR WHO FLEW 113 MILES ACROSS ENGLAND ON SATURDAY: MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE.
5. IN HIS FLYING-DRESS AND WEARING HIS "HELMET" WITH EAR-FLAPS: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE READY TO START.
6. SERIOUSLY DAMAGED BY THE WIND: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S BIPLANE STANDING ON ITS HEAD IN THE FIELD AT HADEMORE AFTER THE ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED AFTER THE AVIATOR'S SECOND DESCENT.

It had been arranged that Mr. Grahame-White should make his second stop at Crewe, but the wind had become so troublesome at 9.20 that the aviator deemed it advisable to come to ground. He landed in a field between Whittington and Tamworth. It was his intention to start again during the evening, but the wind was too high to make the attempt worth making. At two o'clock on the Sunday morning a further inspection was made, and again it was found that it would be useless to start. Between five and six in the morning the aeroplane itself was badly damaged, being blown over by a great gust of wind. Mr. Grahame-White's second attempt is likely to take place to-day (Wednesday). Meantime, at the moment of writing, it seems that M. Paulhan may have started on his attempt, also on a Farman biplane. The French aviator arrived in London on Sunday night for the purpose, and it was arranged that he should go to the Royal Aero Club early on Monday morning to give the necessary forty-eight hours' notice.

Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, Russell, Dixon, and the Illustrations Bureau.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
LONDON SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL. (Last week.) For full particulars see Daily Press.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty-nine (from Jan. 12,
10 April 6, 1910) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of
the shortage in the Army, where the four-footed warrior is still an
essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long,
however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of
the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat
the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those
who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult
Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission
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Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials
which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straight-
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successful position. The booklet contains illustrations of some of the
horses in training which are the property of Mr. D. M. Gant, whose
connection with the Turf is not restricted to keeping its accounts. All
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of the business does not of necessity transpire when these pass through
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the fact that Mr. D. M. Gant has been established for many years, and
acquired a huge clientèle, while others have come and gone, and
promises, like the brook, to—well—continue! is one that speaks for
itself, and requires no comment.

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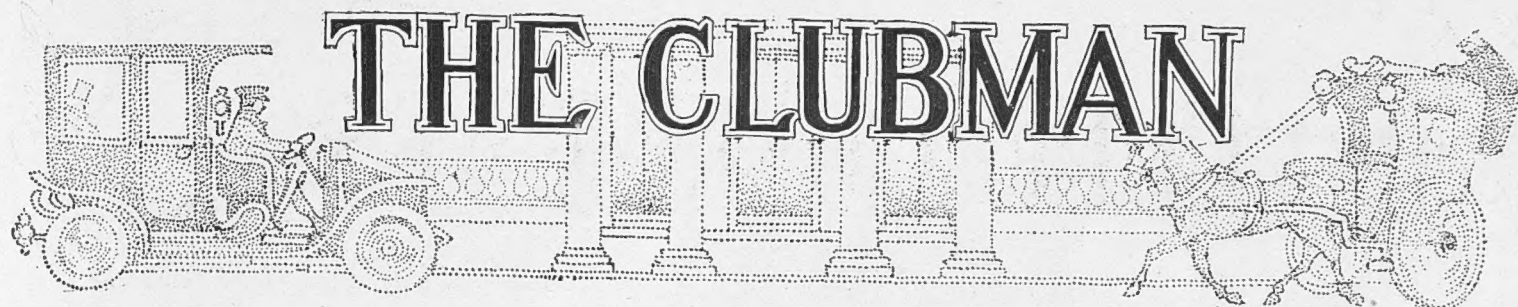
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same risk.

April 27, 1910.

Signature.....



The Port Wine Riots.

Some of the merchants of the south of Portugal have been sending wines to Oporto, to be there transformed into port, and no doubt eventually, if they were allowed to do so, to find their way to England. But the peasants of the Douro, where are the finest vineyards whence port-wine comes, have risen in their might in defence of the glorious wine which has for long been the king in all British cellars, and have destroyed the barrels of meaner liquid, returning triumphant to their homes after doing the deed. There are many good wines in Portugal besides port, and there is no reason why the Southern wines should not become popular in England under their own names; but not masquerading as wines of the Douro. In Lisbon, at the clubs and the restaurants, such wines as Collares (white and red), Seredayes, and Bucellas are more drunk than the stronger wine of the North, and are excellent and also very cheap. The peasants of the Douro vineyards—the descendants of

the men who hung on the rear of Soult's army and turned the retreat of that gallant Marshal in the Peninsular War into a rout, are primitive people who retain many of the old pagan customs, which the priests have softened into Christian festivals. The rejoicings at the close of the vintage, for instance, are the festival of Bacchus under another name. On one subject these single-minded people have no doubt, and that is that the wine of the Douro district is the finest in the world, and that nothing shall be done by outsiders to ruin its reputation.

The Lodges and the Factory.

Opposite the town of Oporto, on the southern bank of the Douro, are the wine-lodges, which are the great sheds where the generous wine rests in vast barrels and ripens. The carts which bring these great hogsheds in from the vineyards are exactly similar to those which jolted over the tracks in the time when the old Romans were in occupation of Spain. Nothing has been changed; the wheels are of the ancient Roman pattern, and the carters ornament the yokes of their oxen with patterns which were fashionable in the days of the Cæsars. Some of these wine-lodges have beautiful old gardens, with walks shaded by canopies of creepers, and flowers grow on the terraces in an abundance which delights the eye of every visitor who is an amateur gardener. The factory is a survival of those days when the English, wherever they went in foreign parts, had some central meeting-place—which in the countries of the Far East often had to serve as a place of defence as well. Merchant adventurers of the days of the Stuarts and Tudors established factories wherever they landed on the

shores of the Indian Ocean and other far-distant seas. The factory at Oporto was never intended as a place of defence, but it has always been a centre for the English colony, its reading-rooms being open to all Britons. It is also a club of the great firms of port-wine growers. Most of the great houses are represented in the club by one of the partners of their firm, and a portion of the entrance-fee of any new member is some port-wine for present drinking, and some to be laid down in the cellar for the benefit of generations to come. The dining-room of this club is a noble room, with Georgian worthies looking down from its walls on their successors; but the members treat their port with such respect

that an adjournment is made after dinner to a second room, down the centre of which runs a beautifully polished table, and there they drink their wine, its aroma unpolluted by the smell of cooked foods.

The Education of an Emperor.

The Chinese Emperor is to commence his education this summer, and a

number of suitable children of gentle birth are now being selected to be his schoolfellows. It will be interesting to hear what the course of studies is to be of this baby Emperor, who may become one of the most powerful rulers in the world.

The education of the over-lord of Asia has always been a thorough grounding in the works of Confucius, and the acquisition of a vast amount of moral maxims, and a smattering of the poetry and literature of China. He is also expected to have an eye for a landscape, and to be a connoisseur of porcelain. Of things useful, a Chinese Emperor has always been profoundly ignorant. Foreigners he has always been taught to regard as species of unclean devils who are tributaries to China, and on the occasions when these foreign devils have advanced from the sea-coast on to the capital, the Emperor has always moved into the interior on a hunting expedition. Western learning and a knowledge of Western inventions and Western world politics will have to form a part of the present Emperor's studies, and no doubt he will be taught some of the Western languages, in order that he may converse with the Ambassadors of the Empires of the West. Time was when the envoys of the kingdoms of Europe were never permitted to look upon the face of the Emperor of China, because they refused to kow-tow when entering the imperial presence. Those times have passed, but there is sure to be a fierce battle between the literati—those conservatives who believe in an entirely classical education—and the party of young China as to what the Emperor is to learn and what is to be kept from him.



SETTING THE TRANSFORMATION IN PLACE (FRONT VIEW).



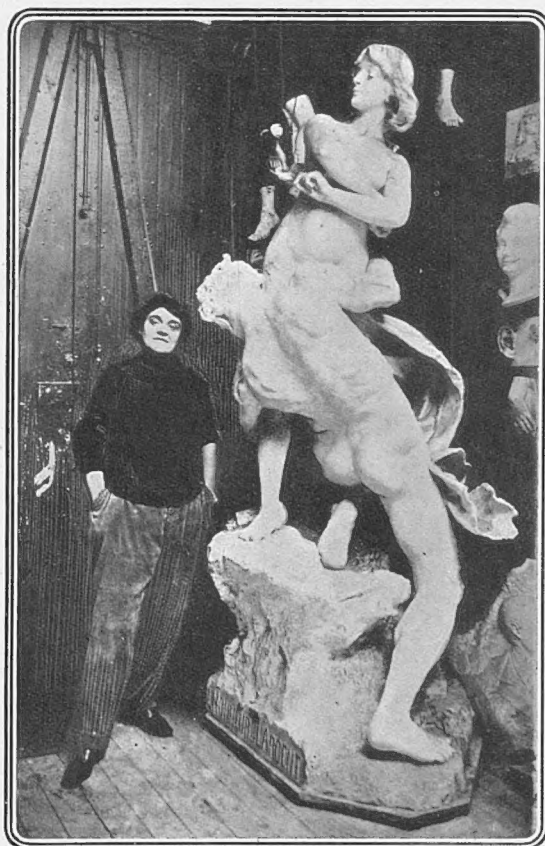
THE TRANSFORMATION IN PLACE (SIDE VIEW).

WOMAN CROWNING HERSELF WITH HER CROWNING GLORY: A TRANSFORMATION INDEED!

Photographs by Ch. Delius.



THE TRANSFORMATION IN PLACE (FRONT VIEW).



A LADY IN CORDUROY: Mlle. Suzanne Bizard, the well-known French sculptor, at work.

Photograph by Brown.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

BUTTERFLY farming is making a good third to "Rubbers" and "Oils." There is hope for the British farmer yet, for if we can no longer grow beef, we can at least grow butterflies, which, when fried in oil, taste like rubber.

The poor, dear rhinoceros at the "Zoo" has been seedy for the last twelve months, and has consequently been dieted with carrots and milk. As he has a throat like a railway-tunnel,

it is not surprising that he has swallowed £462 worth of milk. But this must be poor pap for an animal with an armoured-plated hide. A nice cooling diet of milk-tins would seem more appropriate.

And, in this connection, Mr. Roosevelt has slain in Africa 4897 mammals, 4000 birds, 2000 reptiles, 500 fishes, and a considerable number of invertebrates. A mass meeting will be held at the "Zoo" this week to protest against public receptions being awarded to this worse than Abdul.

"The purely pleasure-loving woman who dresses for dress' sake," says an expert, "will invariably adopt what I term the aniline dyes." Now, if he will be so good as to tell us what he *does* term the aniline dyes, we shall know which way not to look.

AT LAST!

The Matinée Hat! The Matinée Hat! The Law has been at it, and squashed it flat. There never was such a gross nuisance as that, Broad as a barrel and vast as a vat—A monstrous erection, on top of which sat A rooster, a jackdaw, or amadavat; Or else in the shape of a gilded cravat, Encircling what looked like a crumpled-up mat. So the world will rejoice that the Law has got at The Matinée Hat! the Matinée Hat!

Lions and lionesses, we are told, acted as "groomsmen" and "bridesmaids" at a wedding at Glasgow the other day. The example is not likely to be generally followed, for there is always

the possibility of the animals mistaking the wedding party for the wedding breakfast.

As soon as Lord Kitchener landed in America, the ubiquitous reporter demanded his opinion about American women. That is always the way with these reporters; they seem to have no opinion of American women themselves.

But Lord Kitchener, in his travels in Darkest America, has succeeded in unearthing

a rarer specimen than Mr. Roosevelt, or even Kermit, met with in Darkest Africa. He discovered an hotel clerk who had never heard of Lord Kitchener in his life. This clerk ought to be framed. A cheap frame would do.

THE MODERN WAR-HORSE.

(Owing to the shortage of horses, the Army Council has introduced rocking-horses, in order that the incipient cavalryman may learn how to ride.)

I.
My charger, my charger, my high-mettled steed,
A clipper is he of the old English breed;
Though no distance can daunt him, no obstacle stay,
The rawest recruit can ride him all day.

II.
Many battles we've shared, countless foemen we've slain,
For we've fought many Water-logs over again;
And Cossacks by scores into mincemeat we've made,
As we charged for the guns with our own Light Brigade.
For he is a Rocking-horse, Cannot you hear him go
Rickety-rockety to and fro,
Over the nursery course?



A Treasury Return states that last year the quantity of tobacco raised in Ireland was 126,195 pounds. This is all very well as far as it goes, but what would have been a far more interesting tit-bit of information is—Who smoked it?

Sir Ernest Shackleton, at a luncheon at Ottawa, said that Captain Scott would reach the South Pole by Dec. 22 of next year. Well, here's a merry Christmas to him, at any rate.

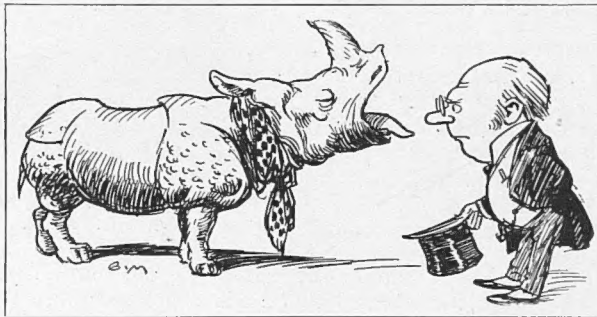
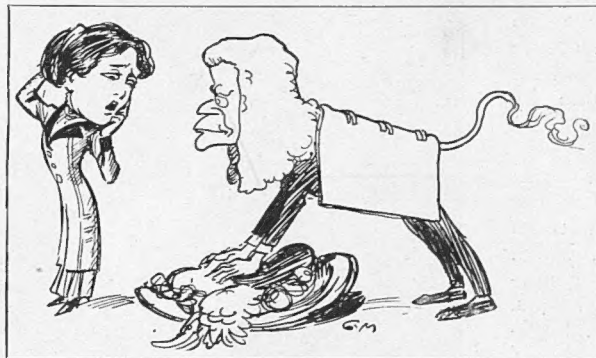
Like Habakkuk, these scientific men are capable of everything. They are now vaccinating butter with millions of microbes to keep it fresh. Let us hope that they first vaccinate the microbes to guard against their having anything infectious about them.

Poppa Knox has surrendered, Philander is forgiven, and all is well. It is a good sign that the young man, instead of waiting upon Providence, is going back to Providence to work.

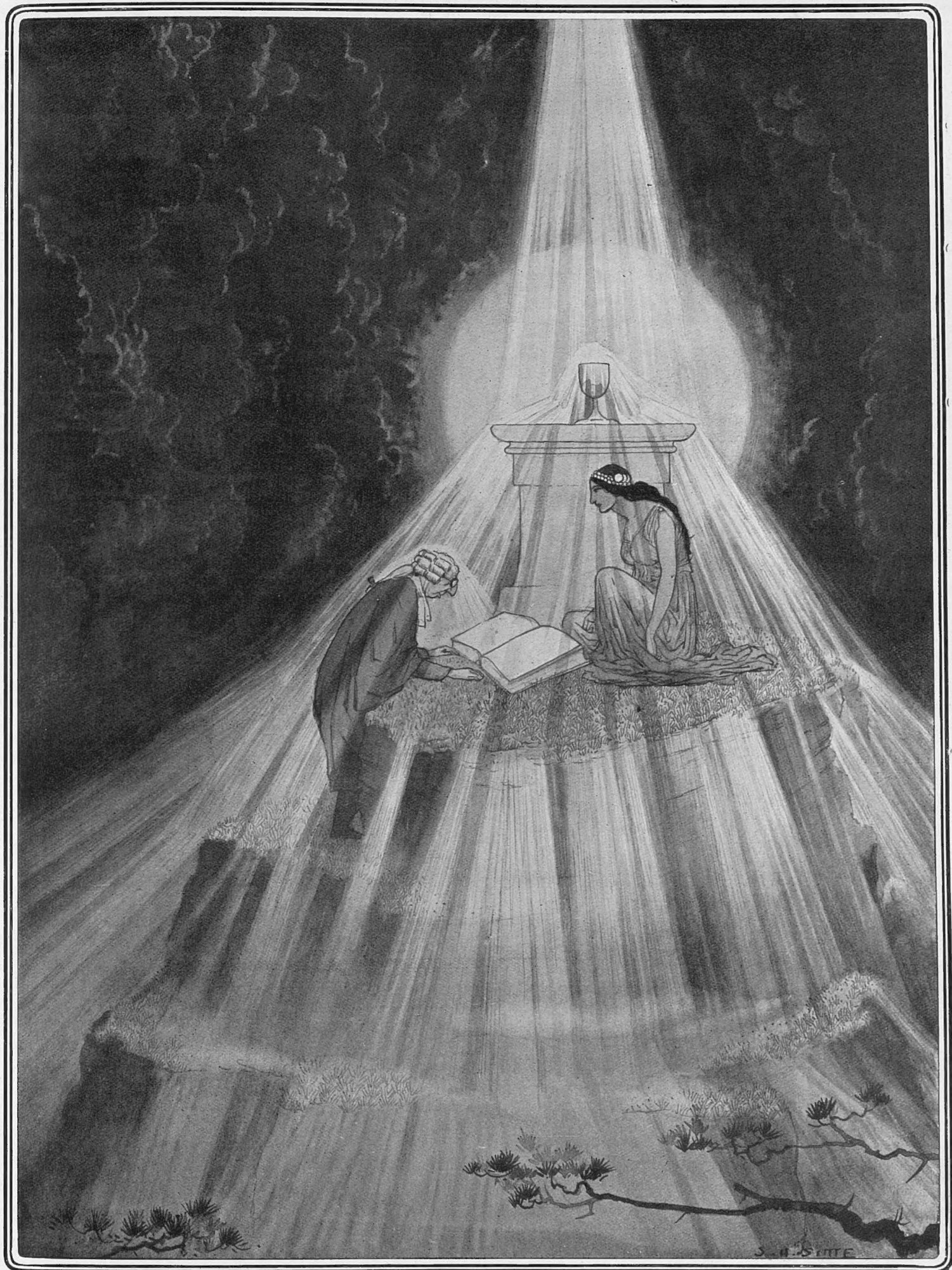
"Never be persuaded to wear scarlet stockings," chirrup a newspaper paragraph. So far, no one has persuaded us, not even on the coldest day.

"We never wink at anything at the Board of Trade," said Mr. Sydney Buxton in the House of Commons; and a great sigh of relief went up, for there was a horrible suspicion about that the more flippant Government Departments were following Miss Marie Lloyd's advice.

Apropos of matinée hats, we are told that, though hats show a tendency to get smaller, hatpins get bigger every minute. It was bound to come. We are now in for trouble with the matinée hatpin.



The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. H. Sime.



VII.—“ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE,” AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

“Showing how the Woman took Limb-of-the-Law to a high place and showed him the Book of Justice, wherein it is written: ‘Thou shalt do no wrong even unto the wrong-doer.’”

As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we have asked Mr. Sime to visit various theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays themselves, but of the impressions made by them upon his mind. The seventh result is given here.

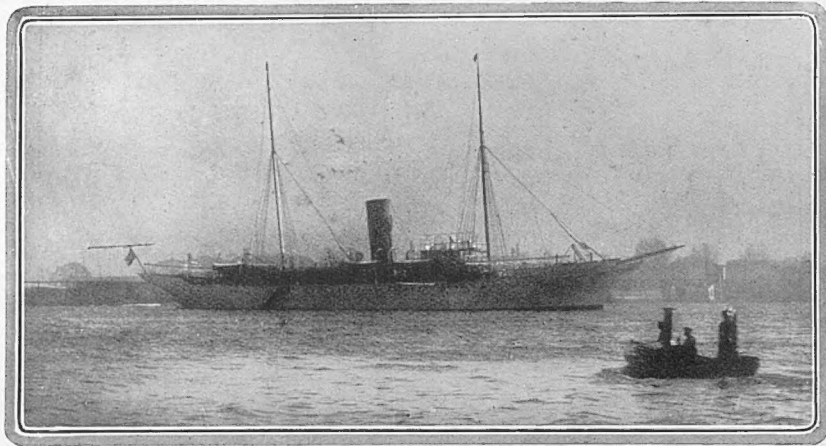
SMALL TALK

BARON and Baroness de Worms celebrated their golden wedding last week, and listened, among many other pleasures, to an ode composed for the occasion by their niece, the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison. No golden wedding should be

of Sheppey. Theirs is truly a case of aero-plain living. Apart from Muscle Manor, the club house at Shellbeach, there is little or no accommodation for the gourmet, none at all for the epicure. The Hon. C. S. Rolls eats his eggs and milk-pudding in a cottage; others painfully extract their sardines from stubborn tins. Mr. Moore-Brabazon and Mr. Cecil Grace, it is true, have put up little houses with little provision-cupboards, and the Hon. Maurice Egerton has a roof and a larder at Eastchurch. Mr. Moore-Brabazon, it is agreed, makes the best cup of tea, without a suspicion of petrol. What will these campaigners make of the profound and profuse luxuries that are being prepared for all motorists, whether of land or sea or sky, in Pall Mall?

Miss Bancroft's Engagement.

The congratulations of all Miss Hester Bancroft's friends will speed to Mr. Rodolphe Adlercron, of the 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, on his engagement. The younger daughter of the late John C. Bancroft, of the United States, Miss Bancroft, like her illustrious relative the historian, and other members of her family, has elected to spend much time in England; but whether she is found among her Chinese bronzes in Park Lane or her animals in the middle of the Midlands, her companions are not likely to forget that she is neither English nor American, but a Bostonian. Even then she is not fully described; all she does, from the jumping of a fence to the writing of poetry or the buying of houses, has the charm of slight singularity that seems to make her belong, not to this or that nation or city, but to one of Mr. Meredith's



SOLD TO THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY BY HER OWNER:
MR. ANTHONY DREXEL'S YACHT THE "MARGARETTA."

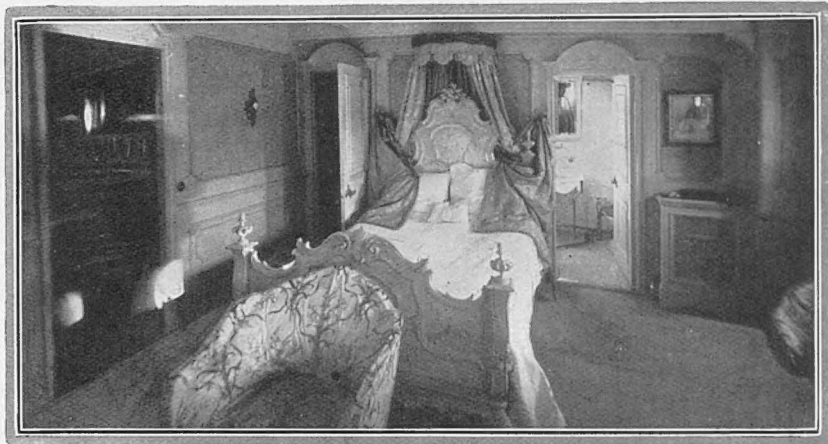
By purchasing the "Margaretta," Lord Anglesey has become for the first time owner of a steam-yacht. He will entertain aboard her this summer. At the time the vessel was built by Mr. G. L. Watson she was speedier than any private yacht. She contains about twenty state-rooms, a large number of bath-rooms, and a suite of reception-rooms.

allowed to pass without the story of the puzzled Frenchwoman who found herself beside an English Bishop at a dinner party. He told her about the forthcoming celebration of his golden wedding. She said, "I do not understand all this about your golden wedding." The Bishop replied, "You see, we have lived together for fifty years." She interrupted: "Oh, I see! You have lived together for fifty years, and now you are going to be married."

The Union Line. Mme. Lina Cavaliere and Mr. Chandler have been more successful in coupling by cable than some people. In the case of a lady whose talents as a painter and whose delightful personality are well known in London it was a refusal that went wrong. Having lost her first husband, she received a letter from an old admirer in America stating that he was hastening to England to renew his suit. "Don't come. Too late," she cabled, for already she was engaged. But he came, at top speed. The cable had read as one sentence, with neither stop nor capital letter.

The Shadow of Life. Mme. Lina Cavaliere figures in Baron de Meyer's exhibition of photographs at the Goupil Gallery. She is not the only lovely and elaborate sitter. Baroness de Meyer, who is never more ingeniously elegant than when posing for her husband's camera, is there, and so is Miss Mabel Beardsley and a whole troupe of dainty shadows. In the photographs these last have the aspect of life, but they are merely the cleverly arranged silhouettes, cast upon a little curtain, of tiny Dresden china figures. Dresden china has never looked so well before: it is easy to foresee that the Baron will have to photograph the shadow of the Baroness as well as the shadows of his bric-à-brac. It is too becoming a device to be given only to still-life.

The Simple Life. Very unlike Signor d'Annunzio's 'prenticeship in Paris is the life of the flying-men on the Isle

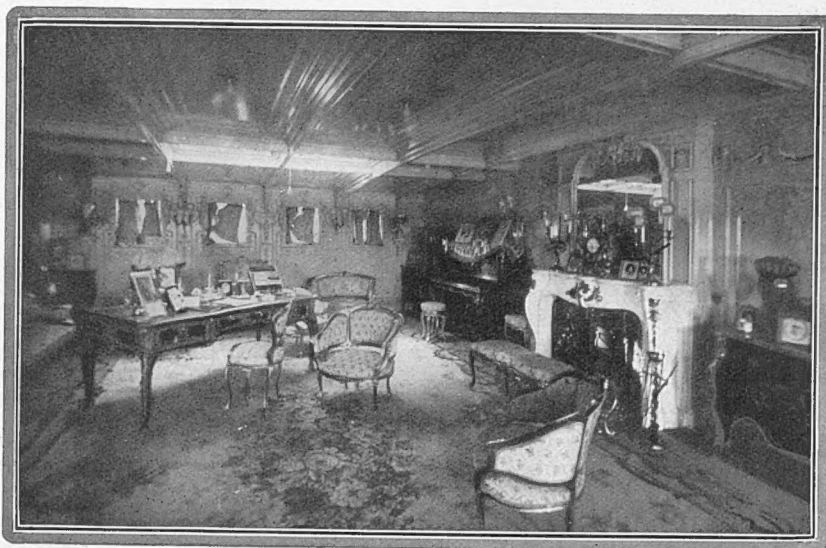


LUXURY AFLOAT: A BED-ROOM ON THE YACHT "MARGARETTA."

novels. Miss Bancroft's ruling passion is the hunt, and her engagement may be said to have been planned in the saddle.

The New Baby.

Who else left in the States it is difficult to say, but Miss Ethel Barrymore, for one, has not come to England. She was here last year, with the rest of America, on her honeymoon; now she is playing the part of Zoe Blundell in "Mid-Channel," and playing it very well. In that part she has to say of the author of "Peter Pan": "The man who wrote the thing must be awfully fond of children. I wonder whether he has any little 'uns! If he hasn't, it's of no consequence to him—he can imagine them. What a jolly gift! Fancy! To have the power of imagining children—bringing them to life." That is the sentence of the play, pronounced with the prettiest make-believe of pathos by the childless wife. But the audience knows better: behind the scenes the actress is now the delighted mother of a first infant.



ABOARD THE VESSEL SOLD TO LORD ANGLESEY BY MR. ANTHONY DREXEL:
A FINE ROOM ON THE "MARGARETTA."

The steam-yacht "Margaretta" was called after Mr. Anthony Drexel's only daughter, soon to be married to Viscount Maidstone. Mr. Drexel's wife and daughter have a pied-à-terre in London in the shape of the largest mansion in Grosvenor Square. Occasionally he pays them a long visit there. This week Mrs. Drexel and her daughter and Lord Maidstone are expected back from New York, where last week they attended the wedding of the elder son of the house, Mr. Anthony Drexel jun.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



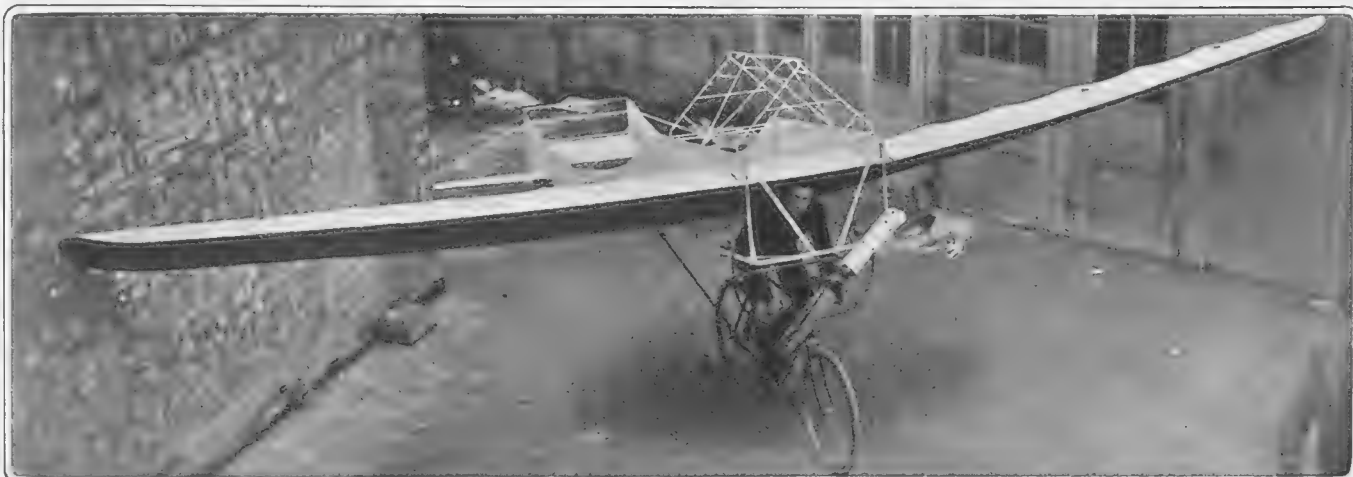
KEEPING HIS HEAD ABOVE WATER: VAN DEN BORN FLYING ABOVE THE SEA DURING THE AVIATION MEETING AT NICE.

Photograph by Branger.



CRAFT AT MONACO: TESTING THE REMARKABLE MONOPLANE MOTOR-BOAT, FITTED WITH A 50-H.P. ANZANI MOTOR.

Photograph by Branger.



A "PNEU" MONOPLANE: A COMBINATION BICYCLE AND FLYING-MACHINE FITTED WITH A PROPELLER.

The device is the invention of Herr Fredericks, who is here shown in the saddle.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A SEASON IN FLAMES: BURNING "WINTER" AT ZURICH.

During the spring fête at Zurich it is customary to burn to ashes an effigy representing Winter.

Photograph by C. Trampus

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

QUEEN ALEXANDRA and Mr. Roosevelt have been followed at Genoa by a swarm of Americans. It is a place of pilgrimage, and its American association figures in a pun generally laid at Bulwer Lytton's door. A lady one day remarked to him how odd it was that a dove (*colombe*, in French) should have been sent to find the old world, and Columbus (*Colombe*) should have found the new. "Yes," replied Lytton, "and the one came from Noa, the other from Genoa."

The Black Cap and Bells. Lady St. Helier says that women make more lenient judges than men. Will Mr. Dewar, the new Scottish Judge, strengthen or lessen her belief? It is hard to think that he will lose the good humour that has characterised his work at the Bar, but if he has an inclination towards severity there are some fine old traditions in Scottish law to support a combination of jesting and harshness. "There's checkmate for you, Matty," added the Judge in a jocular whisper when he condemned to death a smuggler with whom he had

played chess in the past. A different and perhaps unconscious humour was Eskgrove's in passing sentence of death on four men who had broken into a house, stolen money, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun. He dealt at length on the heinous nature of their crime, and for climax said, "All this ye did, and God preserve us! joost when they were sitten down to their denners!"

The King of Bores.

Neither Lord Cardross nor his sister,

Lady Evelyn Guinness, who have been seeing something of the King in Biarritz, nor their father, Lord Buchan, can claim all their ancestors' qualities. The Earl of Buchan of Scott's day was known as "The King of Bores," a personage much too tiresome for Biarritz. But he himself identified himself completely with his ancestors, as is proved by his remark at the dinner-table in the nineteenth century — "I remember I remonstrated strongly, before it took place, against the execution of Charles I."

Younger Sons' Advantages. The present Lord Buchan is a good all-round sportsman, with a keen eye and an open hand, and he can afford to smile at the economies of Scott's Buchan as well as at his humour. "On my father's death," wrote the old Earl, "my brothers pressed me for a small allowance. I knew that this would have been their ruin by

relaxing their industry. So, making a sacrifice of my inclinations to gratify them, I refused to give them a farthing. And they have both thriven since, owing everything to me."

The Massereenes. A soaking Puncture! Ireland, and the dresses, are hardly yet dry from the wet week. Lady Massereene's sealskin, we wager, was never damper in Alaska. But she is very faithful to the Raining Island: an emerald, let us remember, never looks so green as when the hand that wears it has just been dipped in the washbasin. She and Viscount Massereene are making alterations at Antrim Castle, which will have, when these are completed, many advantages over Oriel Temple, the place in County Louth they have generally favoured while in Ireland.

The Trippers. Lord and Lady Ingestre are engaged upon one of the pleasantest expeditions possible to man, the pleasantest possible to so keen and experienced a motorist as Lord Ingestre. They begin with many days of speed and wind and sun, over French roads, through French towns, and past French poplars. The poplars are quite important.

As you rush along the highways at night you hear an intermittent swishing sound, as regular as clockwork: it is the echo of your car as you speed by trees, stationed like regular sentinels along the flat, hedgeless roads. Lord and Lady Ingestre's way lies towards the South, and if by chance

their legs are cramped and their throats dry after a long tour, they will find the remedy on the Mediterranean, where Lord Anglesey's yacht and his party await them.

The Jewel Case. The peaceful settlement of the case in which the jewels of Lady Willoughby de Broke were in dispute was a relief to all parties. Lord Willoughby de Broke is a fighting Peer, but he prefers his fights in the House of Lords. There is no room for his lavish, good-humoured, broad-shouldered thrusts in the Law Courts. Of all supporters of the hereditary principle he is the most unashamed. "Breeding," says he, "tells in Peers or foxhounds," and when, as he says it, he claps his hand on his own chest, you know he is patting the embodiment of the principle. A Member of Parliament without a pedigree—he is himself the nineteenth Baron—is as distasteful to him as a motor-car, which is good only in so far as it is a new creation.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (THE 27TH) TO MR. NORTH DALRYMPLE-HAMILTON, NEPHEW OF THE EARL OF STAIR, LADY MARJORIE COKE, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

Lady Marjorie Coke is the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Leicester. It is interesting to note that she has some uncles a little younger than herself, and an aunt of almost her own age. Her grandfather, the late Lord Leicester, married twice, and had a family of ten sons and eight daughters, fourteen of whom survive.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MR. RONALD GORDON CRUICKSHANK, MISS IDA MARTIN.

Miss Martin is the only daughter of the late Sir Acquin Martin and of Lady Martin; Mr. Cruickshank is the only surviving son of Mr. David Cruickshank.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR FRANCIS FULLER, MISS ESTHER EDWARDS.

Miss Edwards, whose engagement to Major Francis Fuller is announced, is the eldest daughter of Dr. Edwards, Bishop of St. Asaph.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD PIGEON, MISS MINNIE MELVILLE. Miss Melville is a daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Melville; Mr. Pigeon, eldest son of Mrs. Pigeon, of Lewes Crescent, Brighton.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR TATE, MISS ELAINE FEW. Miss Few is a daughter of Mrs. F. W. Few; Mr. Tate, who is in the Cameronians, is a grandson of the late Sir Henry Tate.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED:

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH.



1 AND 2. MISS MOLLIE MORRISON, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE RECTOR OF MARYLEBONE, AND MR. ALBERT DYKES-SPICER, ELDEST SON OF SIR ALBERT SPICER, BT., WHO ARE TO MARRY TO-DAY (THE 27TH).

3. MISS EVA GREEN-WILKINSON, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL HENRY GREEN-WILKINSON, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GEORGE TEMPLE-HARRIS, OF EASTLING, FAVERSHAM, TO-DAY (THE 27TH).

4. MISS MARY HOUNSTOUN, OF 4, BEAUFORT GARDENS, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT REGINALD HENNIKER-HEATON, OF H.M.S. "SHARP-SHOOTER," ON THE 30TH.

11. MISS DOROTHY EVAN-THOMAS, DAUGHTER OF MR. EDMUND EVAN-THOMAS, OF BRAMHAM GARDENS, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. MAURICE CAVELL, YOUNGER SON OF MR. HERBERT CAVELL, OF WESTBOURNE SQUARE, TO-MORROW (THE 28TH).

5 AND 6. MISS FLORENCE EMILY DASHWOOD, ONLY CHILD OF THE LATE SIR EDWIN ABERCROMBY DASHWOOD, BT., AND MR. A. RONALD GILBEY, ELDEST SON OF MR. ALFRED GILBEY, WHO ARE TO MARRY TO-MORROW (THE 28TH).

7 AND 8. MRS. A. W. HOOPER (FORMERLY MISS AMY H. GIBBS), AND MAJOR A. W. HOOPER, D.S.O., ELDEST SON OF DR. HOOPER, OF HEATHERLEY, SIDCUP, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON THE 21ST.

9 AND 10. THE HON HARRIET FORBES-TREFUSIS, ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY CLINTON, AND MR. H. N. FANE, ONLY SON OF THE LATE SIR EDMUND DOUGLAS FANE, WHO ARE TO MARRY TO-MORROW (THE 28TH).

Photographs No. 1 by Mendelssohn; 2, 3, 6, 9, 10, and 11 by Lafayette; 4 by Lallie Charles; 5 by Rita Martin; 7 and 8, by Kate Pragnell.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Benson and the Festival.

Among the many managers who have joined in the celebration of the Shakespeare Festival, Mr. Benson was undoubtedly entitled to a high place, if only for the determination he has shown in keeping the dramatist well to the front in places where he would otherwise be almost unknown as an acted dramatist. A life of prolonged devotion and good intention is a rare thing; and all the honour which is due to good intentions is his by right. It is true that in some minds there may be doubts as to the wisdom of some aspects of his methods. There are nice questions only to be answered fairly by keeping in mind the average standard of provincial theatrical performances; for it is, of course, by such a standard that these productions have to be judged. When the Benson company comes to His Majesty's it is possible to see much that is worthy, and occasionally something of great merit.

Of the two plays in which the Benson company appeared, "Coriolanus" was the more successful. "The Taming of the Shrew" presented many difficulties, for Petruchio must have, above all things, a sense of humour. Mr. Benson is vigorous and athletic; he is an expert in all the little tricks of past ages which raise a laugh; there are signs in his work at times of a curious cleverness, which leaves the impression that some of the things he does are wrong, but intentionally wrong: the whole performance was rather heavy, however numerous the laughs that were caused. "Coriolanus" was better, as it does not call for lightness of treatment; and, fortunately, that very able actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, was Volumnia, and played the part with real dignity and pathos. Her pleading in the last act was genuinely moving. Some of the other members of the company, too, found themselves more at home than in the former work, and the crowd was excellently managed, for crowds are among the things which the Benson company manage superbly. Yet even "Coriolanus" was marked by a determination to be humorous at ill-chosen moments; which may be a good way of recommending Shakespeare to the provinces, but is somewhat derogatory to his dignity as a national poet.

A Sip of Horrors.

The material of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new piece, "A Pot of Caviare," given at the Adelphi, is awful. An old man who has seen with his own eyes—held open by thorns—the unutterable tortures inflicted by the Chinese on their captives finds himself besieged during the Boxer Insurrection of 1900 with a small party of Europeans. When the defence is failing, the approach of succour is announced, so the besieged determine to have a little banquet; but the old man is warned that relief will not come. So he puts poison into a pot of caviare that figures in the feast, and all of them die, even a young girl just flowering into womanhood; and as the old man, the slowest to expire, is sinking, the doors are burst open—help has come: the sacrifice was needless! Surely our flesh should have crept, our blood should have been curdled or frozen.

This was not the case. Why? Because of an error in construction and failure in technique. To begin with, the play lacked atmosphere—the indefinable atmosphere. The author, perhaps in search of truth, avoided the recognised devices for giving an air of horror, for playing on our nerves; but the play has no excuse for existence unless it creates the effect of horror. The error in construction was this. We had no warning that the sacrifice of life was to be useless. No doubt, some old playgoers guessed that relief would come, making the deaths needless; some may even have fancied that, after relief came, it would be shown that the wrong drug was used and mere temporary insensibility caused. To the audience, as a body, it appeared that the old man was acting wisely, that the people were lucky to be killed so kindly. It ought to have been clear to us all the time that the old man was wrong, that the poisoning was vain. With such knowledge we should have become participants, as it were, in the tragedy; the more sensitive and emotional of us would have longed to cry out a warning to the feasters, behaving like the Portsmouth sailor who, carried away by his feelings, climbed on to the stage and assaulted the villain of the melodrama. We should really have been thrilled. Complete knowledge by the audience is necessary for complete sympathy—we ought to be told the truth. The play was acted well enough, if not brilliantly. "The House of Temperley," remarkable for its astonishingly lifelike fights and pictures of the prize-ring, delighted the house.

The Elizabethan Society. Everybody admires the enthusiastic Mr.

William Poel and his society, and it was a good thing that he and they figured in the festival and produced "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," one of the Shakespeare early works not seen on the ordinary stage since Daly's production in 1895, with the adorable Ada Rehan and lovely Maxine Elliot in the cast. That there is any gain in trying to present it under Shakespearean conditions is disputable, if hardly arguable, for two of the most important are unattainable—the existence of an

audience accustomed to such a style of production, and the existence of boy actors competent to represent Julia, Sylvia, and Lucetta. Such affairs can hardly be more than a success of curiosity, and the curiosity was enhanced by the fact that, instead of a boy actor as Julia, we had a woman actress in the masculine part of Valentine. Oh, Mr. Poel, surely that was going rather too far in the other direction! For Miss Winifred Rae, though she played Valentine with a good deal of spirit, and often spoke her lines admirably, was manifestly of the wrong sex. Certainly I appreciate the idea of having no change of scenery, and believe firmly that the dramatist would have hated the modern methods of production. The performance, broadly speaking, was excellent, though we had too much elaborate comic business. At times Miss Mary Mannering, the Julia, was charming; and Miss Margaret Bussé, whose talent we all know, was a very agreeable Lucetta. Also there was merit in the work of Messrs. F. Darch and L. Howard.



IN PRIVATE DRESS: MLE. ANNA PAVLOVA, WHO IS DANCING WITH SUCH EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by E. Schneider.

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Am Tag! Die Deutsche Kommen (Very)!

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND; BY HEATH ROBINSON.



II.—WITH THE AID OF AN INGENUOUS DEVICE, THE GERMANS SEND ENGLISH DISPATCHES ASTRAY.

So many authors have described in detail the invasion of England by Germany that Mr. Heath Robinson's patriotism has led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject, with some most remarkable results. Last week he found, for instance, German spies galore in Epping Forest, soldiers of the Kaiser ingeniously disguised in many ways and very much on the watch. This week he discloses the ingenious turn-table sign-post designed to send English dispatches astray. His other revelations will be published week by week.

KEYNOTES

THE FORTHCOMING OPÉRA COMIQUE SEASON
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

NOW that the Covent Garden season is safely launched, it is time to consider the plans and prospects of the Thomas Beecham season of opéra comique at His Majesty's Theatre, for the first performance is to be given on Monday week. The venture is a daring, as well as an interesting one: it is, in a sense, a challenge to Covent Garden, and it is also a new departure. London has been calling out for a house that can take the place of the Opéra Comique in Paris, and be used for works that are too small for Covent Garden, and too beautiful to be neglected altogether. In coming forward with a season of opéra comique, Mr. Beecham supplies a long-felt want, but we do not know yet whether the want has been felt only by the critical Press and a few enthusiasts, or by the general public.

The season at His Majesty's will be made the more interesting by the addition of a Mozart Festival in miniature, a week in which "The Seraglio," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Cosi fan Tutte" will be given. The other works selected are Méhul's "Joseph in Egypt," Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," the "Fledermaus" of Johann Strauss, the "Werther" of Massenet, Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," the "Muguette" of Edmond Missa and an entirely new work by Mr. G. H. Clutsam, a clever composer and musical critic. The collection of operas rather suggests a *bouillabaisse*; but Mr. Beecham is well aware of the fact, though he might choose other terms for its expression. He says that he has yet

to gauge the taste of the public, that the works that may properly come under the heading of "opéra comique" are very numerous—English, French, German, and Italian in origin—and that he is simply offering samples of various schools. He will only produce work that is worthy of production, but within these limits the public is to select the programme by showing its preference for certain operas. No policy could be saner or sounder than this. The repertory before the director of a house run on the lines of the Opéra Comique in Paris is well-nigh endless; there was more than any impresario could hope to exhaust before living composers began to add to the store, and it may be that in a year or two London will be listening with the greatest appreciation to work of which it knows little or nothing at present. On the Continent, in the last ten or twelve years, the writer has frequently heard beautiful operas that stand no chance of production in London because they are too small for Covent Garden. Mr. Beecham's plans, if successful, will afford many of them a hearing. Serious British composers, too, will receive a much-needed stimulus; they know that for



MISS ALYS MUTCH (THE ONLY
NEW CONTRALTO ENGAGED).
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



MLLE. H. DEMELLIER (SOPRANO;
PARIS OPÉRA COMIQUE).
Photograph by Berger.

nineteen out of twenty among them the writing of grand opera must be a waste of time and labour, and they would not, if they could, enter the ranks of writers of musical comedy. If opéra comique is to succeed in this country, they will find a fresh field for their activities.

In France opéra comique was the outcome of ballet, and it may be that in seasons to come Mr. Beecham will release dancing from the domination of the music-hall and will reveal the beauties of ballet to a generation that is beginning to forget what it is like. For many years traditional ballet received considerable attention at

houses like the Empire and Alhambra, but it is no longer treated seriously even there, and the modern tendency is to present a musical comedy without words. All the serious purpose and

much of the beauty of dancing have been deliberately sacrificed, and the loss is no small one. Many of the light operas presented in London have suffered from the poor English rendering of the libretti, and it is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Beecham has taken steps to put the work of translation into competent hands, and to secure the services of men who are musicians as well as linguists. Many of the stories, wedded to delightful music, are very slight affairs, and the difficulty of preserving such spontaneity and grace as they may possess is no small one.

The company engaged for the season at His Majesty's is an excellent one. The soprani and contralti include Ruth Vincent, Edith Evans,

Zélie de Lussan, Maggie Teyte, and Caroline Hatchard; among the tenors are John Coates, Joseph O'Mara, and Walter Hyde;

while the baritones and bassi count in their ranks Messrs. Archdeacon, Dearth, Radford, Austin, and Lewys James. Mr. Beecham will share with Hamish MacCunn the labours of directing the Beecham Symphony Orchestra of seventy performers, and there will be a chorus of fifty. The season, opening a fortnight later than grand opera, will close with it on July 30, and the prices are about the same as those obtaining at the other West-End theatres. If the public will give to Mr. Beecham's well-considered and artistic enterprise the same measure of support granted to the popular musical comedy, there can be no doubt but that opéra comique will become established as an important item on the list of London entertainments; while if the leading provincial cities show an anxiety to share the benefits received by the Metropolis, it is safe to say that Mr. Beecham and his able manager, Mr. Quinlan, will be able to supply the want. The chances of the London venture are the greater by reason of the influx of visitors from abroad, who bring with them a ready-made appreciation for a style of work with which the most of them are already familiar.

COMMON CHORD.



MME. ZORAH DORLY (SOPRANO;
BRUSSELS).
Photograph by Dupont Emera.



MLLE. EVA GAUTHIER
(SOPRANO; PARIS).



MLLE. ELIZABETH AMSDEN (SOPRANO;
HEARD IN "THE WRECKERS").

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON:
SOME SINGERS
NEW TO COVENT GARDEN.

MISS AMY EVANS (SOPRANO;
NEW TO GRAND OPERA).
Photograph by Munday.

THE WAVERER.



BROWN (after a late night at the office): Pretty rough at shea to-night, I bet.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THOSE THAT SPIN THE GREAT WHEEL OF EARTH ABOUT.*

CANADA came as a revelation to Lady Merton, and as an inspiration. Crossing from Quebec to Vancouver, and, at the moment, in the Hinterland of Ontario, "she was absorbed in a rushing present; held by the vision of a colossal future; and society had dropped out of her ken. Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa had indeed made themselves pleasant to her; she had enjoyed them all. But it was in the wilderness that the spell had come upon her; in these vast spaces, some day to be the home of a new race; in these lakes, the playground of the Canada of the future; in these fur-stations and scattered log-cabins; above all, in the great railway linking east and west." She was fascinated, and a little afraid. The mystery of it grew, and the awe. "Do you know" (she said later) "that all these lonely farms are connected with each other by telephones? . . . that some farmers actually make their fences into telephone-lines, and that from that little hut over there you can speak to Montreal when you please? . . . When one thinks of all the haphazard of history—how nations have tumbled up, or been dragged up, through centuries of blind horror and mistake, how wonderful to see a nation made consciously! . . . by science and intelligence—everything thought for, everything foreseen! . . . And to see here the actual foundations of a great State laid under your eyes, deep and strong, by men who know what it is they are doing—to see history begun, on a blank page, by men who know what they are writing—isn't it wonderful, wonderful! . . . Twelve years ago even—practically nothing. And then God said, 'Let there be a nation!'—and there was a nation—in a night and a morning!"

Again, "one hears of how the young nations came down and peopled the Roman Empire. But that lasted so long. One person—with one life—could only see a bit of it. And there one sees it *all*—all, at once!—as a great march—the march of a new people to its home. Fifty years ago, wolves and bears and buffaloes—twelve years ago even, the great movement had not begun—and now, every week, a new town!—the new nation spreading, spreading over the open land, irresistibly, silently: no one setting bounds to it."

With such feeling towards the country, with such recognition of its present, such faith in its future, is it marvelous that she was in receptive mood when George Anderson came in her path? She saw in him Canada personified, the strong, clean, virile man of the New World shaming the effete "idle rich" of the Old—a master, one who was captain of his own soul. He told her of his career, of his dreams; finally,

of his past and its tragedy. "My father drank. . . Every bit of prosperity that came to us he drank away; he would have ruined us again and again, but for my mother. And at last he murdered

her—her and my poor sisters! . . . there was no intention to murder. . . . He merely sat up drinking one winter night. Then in the morning he was awakened by the cold; the fire had gone out. He stumbled out to get the can of coal-oil from the stable. . . . The candle must have fallen over into the oil . . . in a few seconds the wooden house was in flames. . . . My poor mother and two of the children . . . tried to escape by the stairway and perished there; the other two were burnt in their beds." He believed his father dead, but it was not so. He was to come as a grim shadow to blacken the figure of his son. A train was held up. Shots were fired. Amongst the dead was "one Alexander McEwen, well known to the police of the silver-mining State as a lawless and dangerous character." On his body was an envelope addressed to George Anderson. Called at the inquest, Anderson stood up: "Mr. Coroner . . . The name of the man into whose death you are inquiring is not Alexander McEwen. He came from Scotland in 1869. His real name was Robert Anderson, and I—am his son. . . ." "For two days Elizabeth ministered to Anderson." She herself went strangely through it, feeling between them, as it were, the bared sword of his ascetic will—no less than her own terrors and hesitations Then her thoughts turned to England, and the struggle before her. She braced herself against the Old World as against an enemy. But her spirit failed her when she remembered that in Anderson himself she was like to find her chiefest foe."

Back at home, "it was as though she was vulgarly conscious of wealth and ancestry as dividing her from him. The wildness within her, which had found its voice in



VEILED IN RED SILK: A CHINESE BRIDE WITH HER FUTURE HUSBAND.

"The wedding ceremony takes place in the dwelling of the bridegroom. The bride is dressed in her best. A long mantle is thrown over all, and a red-silk veil covers her face. Her mother accompanies her to the door of the richly decorated sedan-chair, which is only used for marriage ceremonies, locks her in, and hands the key to one of the bridesmaids, who in turn gives it later on to the bridegroom, when the wedding procession reaches his house. No religious ceremony takes place. The bride, still veiled, is accompanied by the bridegroom over the threshold of his father's house, and bows three times in front of the gods of the family ancestors; then they seat themselves at a table on which two wine-goblets stand. This wine is offered as a sacrifice to the ancestors. Then the bridegroom removes from his bride the hat, the mantle, and the veil, and, perhaps for the first time in his life, looks upon his wife. At the marriage feast in the evening, the bride singles out her own parents for special attention."—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]



A MIRROR CARRIED BEFORE A BRIDE AS A SYMBOL OF HAPPINESS: A JEWISH WEDDING IN KURDISTAN.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Those He approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands;
And still with laughter, song, and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has paid with overflowing measure for the happy jour-

ney she took two years ago. She owes Canada a debt of gratitude for yielding her much excellent material; Canada owes her an equal debt for her sympathy with it and with its aspirations. The reading world have to thank both for much entertainment.

* "Canadian Born." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE RUBBERITE.



THE MILLIONAIRE !

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE BIG DOLLAR JADOO.

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

"TO be correct," said Captain Hayes slowly, "the god weighs exactly seven ounces. The quality of the gold in it is better than most minted stuff."

He placed the tiny image of Brahma on the camp table, where the instraying sunbeams illumined its puckered mouth and eyes.

"I wonder you didn't convert it into hard cash long ago, Cap'n." Mr. Howe, the first mate of the schooner *Three Moons*, eyed the golden image reverently. "I knew a man in Bombay who stole a similar article from a temple, and his shipmates found him——"

"Nailed feet and ears to the temple door," broke in Captain Hayes gruffly. "And serve him right too; I've no patience with temple thieves."

The mate's glance wandered from the small golden image on the camp table to the perturbed face of Captain Hayes.

The buccaneer flushed slightly. "Never mind how I got the idol, Bill. It doesn't affect the business in hand."

"What business?" asked the other simply.

"The mine-selling business. Do you think I've been boring into the earth for the last half-year without sizing up the show? We've struck rock at last, and there isn't enough gold in it to buy a dog-license. The buccaneer balanced the image of Brahma between thumb and forefinger with the craft of a modeller. "I'm going to salt the show, Bill, and sell it to that Hindoo crowd at White Marble. Their coolie agents have been spying around here lately."

"But that image!" gasped the mate. "You ain't going to——"

"Break it up into small pieces and hammer it into the blamed reef. Salt the show with a seven-ounce god, that what I'm going to do!"

Emu Creek was overrun by hordes of Hindoo fossickers, who had wandered in from the Buloo and Fraser river-flats in quest of gold. Captain Hayes had cast anchor some months before at the inlet's mouth, in his schooner the *Three Moons*, hoping to obtain some of the rich wash-dirt that was being bucketed from the gullies and creek-beds by gangs of alien adventurers.

Hayes had no capital to support his venture; his crew were unpaid, and each week saw him sinking into the heart of the hill where there was neither gold nor payable wash-dirt. The idea of salting his claim had come as a desperate alternative. Others had done it, and had floated to fortune on the proceeds.

The local Hindoos desired his claim; day and night they watched his entry into the tunnel, fully believing that he had struck the northern limit of the great Aladdin Reef, which had returned over half-a-million in dividends to its shareholders only a few months before. Bully Hayes was hardly the man to disappoint a party of Hindoo mining speculators.

The breaking-up of the golden image of Brahma was the beginning of his scheme. For two days he sweated in the narrow tunnel under the hill, drilling, plugging tiny pieces of the broken idol into the veins and crevices of the reef. With the skill of a dentist, he scraped and filled the jutting fangs of quartz overhead. Layer on layer of finely beaten metal was morticed into the body of the lode, with the aid of a trowel, until the mine sparkled from floor to roof with glittering specks of gold.

Two days after the salting operations, a party of Hindoos, headed by Ganem Singh, a wealthy mining speculator, strolled leisurely from the township and scrambled down the hillside. Hayes was standing stripped to the waist, shovelling gravel and stone from the mouth of the tunnel.

Ganem saluted the buccaneer briefly. "Not too much gold in that mine," he began, pointing to the wide-mouthed tunnel that penetrated the hillside.

His coloured companions crowded round inquisitively—lean-hipped, straight-nosed men with an unquenchable gold hunger in their eyes.

"I'm not a reef expert," snapped Hayes. "And nobody's asking you to buy it."

Ganem's jewelled fingers seemed to glow in the fierce sun-glare as he plucked at his wisp of beard. "How much will you take if I buy, eh?"

Hayes pondered briefly, and his manner became less stern. "I don't mind you having a look round the mine if you mean business," he declared. "I want to go to sea; this mining racket does not agree with my health."

Ganem Singh consulted with the others, and, after a short argument in the vernacular, entered the tunnel alone. He was absent nearly twenty minutes. There were yellow water-stains on his silk sleeve when he came out, which suggested that he had been secretly examining the reef with his small pick and spade. He shot a swift, reassuring glance at his friends.

"One thousand for your stone-heap, Capateen Hayes," he drawled lazily. "Eh, what you think?"

Hayes shrugged, while his eyes grew hard at the points. "Make it two thousand, Ganem Singh, and I'll hand you the certificate."

"Goot! You come to my bungalow over the hill, and I gif you the cash."

The buccaneer went aboard the schooner, six hours later, and deposited a parcel of English and American money inside the iron safe that stood in his cabin.

"The Hindoo gold-scouters have bought me out, Bill," he confided to the mate. "And the point that troubles me is that we can't put to sea without stores and a new rig-out."

While Hayes was at Emu Creek, ordering stores to be taken aboard the schooner, Ganem Singh had collected a gang of coolies, and was soon pushing on work within the gold-salted mine under the hill.

Late in the afternoon the serang in charge of the tunnel loosened with a pick several small pieces of gold that shone between the crannies of an overhanging reef. Ganem was beside him like a panther on the blood-scent. Other tiny pellets were dug out from the face of the reef and placed in Ganem's trembling palm. "Scraps, scraps!" he cried fiercely. "There is nothing behind them! Still, we must work on—the wall of the rock may conceal undreamt of riches. Let us——"

A coolie rushed forward from the end of the workings exhibiting several small slugs of hammered gold. One piece, larger than the others, bore a partially effaced Hindoo inscription that brought a cry of rage from the coolie gang. Another pellet, taken from a water-worn chink in the roof, proved to be one of the finely chiselled features of the god.

"By Ganesh, it is the nose of Brahma!" coughed the serang. "What magic is this?"

Other portions of the god were swiftly unearthed, until it lay in fifty pieces before the scowling mob within the tunnel. Ganem, with religious care, placed the gold fragments in his silk-lined purse and turned to the muttering coolies.

"It is the white beast Hayes who has done this! We have been fooled. One of our gods has been hammered fine, so that the gold should fill our eyes when we bought this mine. Let us continue our work. There may be other metal in the reef. Tomorrow I will deal with this sahib swindler. We men of Ind know how to kill our enemies without showing our hands to the police!"

The following morning, while on his way to the schooner, Hayes had a singular experience. Purchasing a cigar, as was his custom, from a Parsee vendor near the wharf, he noted that the weed burned strangely at first, as though the leaves had received a chemical preparation. Casting it from him instinctively, he was about to step on the pier when it exploded with a heart-shaking bang.

[Continued on next leaf.]

BEFORE A DEAL; AND AFTER A GREAT DEAL.



THE INNOCENT BUYER: You assure me this is a Sevres?
THE WILY DEALER: Ma tear Thir, it wath only yettherday he himthelf brought it in.



THE WORKER: No, lady, I ain't out o' work—I'm a-convalescin'.
THE VISITOR: Convalescing? But from what?
THE WORKER: From ten pint o' beer and a red-headed plumber.

Satisfied that he was the victim of a practical joke on the part of some local humourist, he boarded the schooner and was about to descend to the cabin. A half-empty paint-pot had been left on the stairhead. Stooping, he raised it curiously, and then uttered a cry of surprise. Inside the pot sat a small brass image of Brahma. With an oath he cast it overboard in time to see a sheet of flame burst from the pot, followed by a muffled roar as it sank in the water. By degrees it dawned on the buccaneer that Ganem Singh was responsible for the attempts on his life. He felt certain, too, that the Hindoos had unearthed portions of the god from the mine, and he was now experiencing the first symptoms of their anger. Their methods of attack perplexed him a little. He had seen mariners driven to suicide by the persistent surprises sprung upon them by hostile Hindoos, and he was not inclined to laugh at their feats of jadoo and magic.

The schooner-hands commented loudly on the paint-pot incident, but Hayes snarled them to silence as he made his way to the cabin.

Drawing the cash-box from the cabin safe, he glanced at the tightly packed rows of English and American gold coins he had received from Ganem Singh. In all his life Hayes had never felt his limbs tremble so violently; the cash-box rattled in his hands as though a score of fingers were rapping its sides and bottom. The rows of coins broke from the bottom of the box, scattering over his hand in a chinking wave.

The buccaneer drew away astounded, a touch of fear in his eyes. His brain was perfectly free from alcohol, his senses keen as a new blade, yet before him, inside the safe, stood his old familiar cash-box, a jangling pandemonium of dancing coins. Parcels of tightly packed dollars and sovereigns spilled over the box-edge on to the cabin floor. Nothing could suppress the electric voltage of the madly spinning coins; they flowed from the safe as though an unseen hand were scooping them out. He kicked, stamped on them just as a man seeks to extinguish a running fire. Up and over his bare feet they rolled and spun, two thousand strong, ringing, floating around his body until each gold piece appeared to be invested with the vitality of a swallow.

The mellow chink of the money ceased suddenly; the sound took on a new note—a thudding, bullet-like whang, as the flying coins struck the joists and sides of the cabin. The mass of displaced money became a tornado of milled-edged discs, clashing above and around him with the cunning of sabre-points.

Hayes strove to reach the shelter of the bunk, dragging the blanket about his head and shoulders to protect himself from the whirlwind of metal. The cabin partitions rattled and shivered under the impact of flying dollars. Half-stunned and cut about the face and body, he flung himself gasping into the bunk.

An hour later the mate hurried downstairs and knocked at the cabin-door. Receiving no reply, he entered. The floor of the cabin was strewn with money; it lay in yellow piles beside the open safe and bunk as though a juggler had been at work only a moment before.

The mate stared dumbly, rubbed his eyes and stooped to the floor. Then, seizing the inanimate Hayes, he shook him into a sitting position. "What's this, Cap'n?" he gasped. "Who's been up-ending the money-chest? I'm up to my knees in bullion."

There were blood-marks on Hayes' face and hands, dark bruises on his brow and shoulders. Taking some brandy from a cupboard, the mate poured a little between the half-closed lips and rubbed the stiff, coin-bruised hands smartly.

Hayes opened his eyes drowsily, and turned with a grunt of pain to the heap of coins lying beside the bunk. "Must have gone to sleep while I was counting it," he explained huskily. "Put it back in the cashbox, Bill; my nerves are getting out of order."

The mate obeyed swiftly, and closed the safe-door with a bang.

Hayes leaned from the bunk, holding his brow tightly. "Bill"—he spoke slowly, his fingers pressed over his eyes—"did you hear a noise upstairs just now—a noise of dollars flying round the cabin?"

"Can't say I did, Cap'n," responded the mate. "I've seen dollars jumpin' about in lots o' places, but I never saw more than my six pounds a month flyin' around this hooker," he added dismally.

Hayes crawled from the bunk unsteadily, his eyes wandering from the open safe to the door. "You'd better go on deck," he said after a while, "and clean that carronade lying for'd."

During the morning Hayes supervised the landing and mounting of his big carronade—a troublesome task in the heat and swelter of a tropic sun.

Ashore, the gun was covered with a sail and dragged down the crooked street of the township, Hayes walking sullenly ahead, his coin-bruised hands thrust deep in his pockets. Halting near a clump of cypress pines that overlooked the mine, Hayes spoke in an undertone to the mate and descended the track leading to the open tunnel.

A score of coolies were visible in the cutting, shovelling the broken quartz on to a heap of tailings at the tunnel-mouth. Hayes halted.

"It is the sahib thief who sold us the mine!" Ganem Singh spoke from the darkness of the tunnel. "Let him come."

He came. They watched his big shadow leap across the cutting, and, at a sign from Ganem, they withdrew into the dark

drive. A muffled whisper disturbed the hot silence, then a slow heckling laugh as the white man hesitated near the tunnel-mouth.

"Peace, Ganem Singh!" he said hoarsely. "I have tasted your magic, and I'm willing to admit that it has made me feel tired."

Another smothered laugh greeted his words. Not a foot stirred within the tunnel. The buccaneer lit a cheroot with painful deliberation; the little gasping noises coming from the dark drive suggested that the Hindoos were intensely amused at his sudden appearance. He smiled forgivingly.

"That coin-slinging trick was prettily done, Ganem Singh. Now"—he advanced a few paces nearer the tunnel, his chin thrust out—"I want to know if you intend to make my life a nuisance with your exploding cigars and your dollar-spinning acts? Are you going to follow me from port to port practising your black art on my schooner and crew?" he demanded.

"The magic of our people will yet destroy thee, Sahib Hayes." A turbaned shape loomed from the darkness of the tunnel. "Go thy ways; there is no peace between us."

Hayes reflected swiftly. He saw himself shadowed from port to port by relentless fakirs and worshippers of Brahma. His life would be a constant struggle against malevolent jadoo-workers—men capable of harassing to distraction any simple-minded mariner who happened to fall foul of their gods.

Stepping back a few paces, he whistled shrilly, and was answered immediately by the mate, standing in the pine-shadows. The carronade was dragged into the cutting by the grinning schooner hands, a charge of powder rammed in at a nod from their captain.

"I'm going to return your money, Ganem Singh." Hayes bent before the black gun-muzzle and drove in a heavy package of coins with the rammer. "I've got a fit of honesty, and I want to stop you and your tribe exploding things in my face."

A cry came from the mine, followed by a sudden rushing of feet. Sixteen coolies appeared midway down the tunnel, each carrying a long-bladed knife; without a word of command they charged swiftly up the slope. Like panthers they raced neck and neck in their fanatic desire to forestall the white men at the carronade.

Hayes laughed jeeringly, and signalled the mate. The responding gun-flash lit up the black mouth of the tunnel, the charge of dollars swept through the close-packed mob with the force of shrapnel, hewing down the stabbing arms and bodies in a struggling heap.

The carronade was swiftly sponged and reloaded; Ganem Singh, crouching beyond a jutting arm of reef, heard the rammer striking a second parcel of coins. He stood up slowly and stared at the crowd of coolies lying within a few yards of the cannon. Several attempted to crawl back to the shelter of the tunnel; one fierce-eyed Madrassi squatted almost at the throat of the gun, indicating in his agony the red scars on his ribs where the milled-edged coins had ploughed their furrows.

"Got hit on the chest with three-pounds-sixteen," said the mate sympathetically. "Some people don't know the power o' money 'till it's fired at 'em from a gun."

"Any more fighting men in there?" called out Hayes. "I'm waiting."

The gun-smoke oozed lazily from the drive and floated into the hot sunlight overhead. Ganem Singh appeared at the tunnel-mouth, a misty gleam in his eyes, as though the unexpected discharge had affected his reason.

The buccaneer measured him foot and eye. "You'll swear off annoying me in future, Ganem. You'll call off your agents, if there are any left, or I'll rip the Brahmin soul out of you with your own dollars."

Ganem Singh remained motionless, his head bent slightly forward. "Cease your work . . . it is butchery. Some of my men are disabled. Let us talk. . . ."

Hayes spoke to the mate and withdrew several paces. The gun was run forward and sighted.

"No, no, Sahib!" Ganem's voice quivered to the breaking-point. "Spare them that death!" He advanced from the tunnel, his arms raised above his head, his limbs twitching as though he had tasted the scarifying edges of the first gun-charge. "It was because you defiled our god that we worked our magic on board your ship." Pausing, he strode forward and pointed to a white-bearded fakir in a blue tunic lying among the huddled shapes in the cutting.

"It was Radizar Singh who brought about the jadoo, Sahib. He is dead. Let there be peace now."

Hauling the gun from the cutting, the schooner party returned slowly to the pier. Hayes was first to gain the shelter of the fo'c'sle awning. Here his eye fell upon the mate ascending the steep gangway, his coat-pockets bulging over his hips. He frowned darkly.

"Guess there was no need for *you* to stay behind and load yourself with the Hindoos' dollars, Mr. Howe. One thief at a time, please."

"Dollars!" The mate wiped his hot brow, and drew a handful of smoke-blackened coins from his pocket. "Pieces of brass with their faces washed in gold! There wasn't a real one among the whole two thousand!"

The buccaneer stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Guess I made that sufficiently clear to the Hindoos," he said after a while.

THE END.

THE PERFECT MAN

WITH the return of May the question of summer clothing becomes one of immediate importance to the man who wishes to be dressed in harmony with the atmospheric conditions, and although the uncertainties of our climate have called forth a warning note in "Ne'er cast a clout till May be out," yet the many events that go to make up the London season demand suitable attire, which, if it is to combine comfort with style, must be of appropriate weight.

In the States the 1st of May is specially looked upon as the time to commence wearing straw hats, which is the indication of the general adoption of summer attire; and although the average Britisher is loth to part company with his overcoat thus early, yet the Smart Set are glad to relegate it to the wardrobe, and appear in the closer-fitting garments which are more in harmony with the sunny skies that may reasonably be expected in May and June, and which the fair sex are generally prepared to wel-

come in summer garb. The materials for these garments for men do not differ greatly in appearance from the heavier cloths for winter wear; they are merely the same kind of cloth made in lighter weight; some of them are so thin that they are known as "tropicals," they being freely used by residents in India and other tropical countries. The pattern and colour of these goods closely follow those used in the ordinary cloths, such as invisible and other stripes of neat designs, twills of various width, hopsacks, and basket patterns.

A POSTER AGAINST THE IMPOSITION OF INCOME TAX AND INQUISITORIAL METHODS.

The most popular colours are dark blues, medium shades of grey, dark shades of green, and a few fawns and browns. These are being worn in serges, worsteds, angolas, and suchlike cloths; while in black goods vicunas and other makes of fine, soft woollen cloth are very popular. For those who require still thinner materials, there are alpacas and Russell cords; but these are seldom used now except by men of advanced years, for, although they make up smart garments, yet they are not now the fashion, their place having been taken by the tropical coatings, etc.

His Majesty's wear for morning dress usually takes the form of a frock-coat, made from a very thin grey or black worsted; and in order to reduce the weight of this as much as possible, he has the fronts cut narrow, so that they will not button across the breast, but

are merely held together by onyx links. This mode of fastening of his dress may explain the extraordinary statement recently made that his Majesty was wearing buttonless coats, which is entirely wrong, for he is always most particular that every button shall be in its place, whether it is required merely for ornamental or practical purposes; on these frock-coats there are the usual buttons placed up each breast. With this coat he wears a single-breasted, no-collar waistcoat of the same material, and a pair of light-grey striped trousers; and it is worthy of note that the only creases we have ever seen on his Majesty's trousers have been down the sides, instead of down the back and front, which latter is the general rule with most men.

In summer the King has a great liking for what is popularly known as a "white hat," but which is really a light-grey one, made in the same shape as a silk hat, and finished with a well-

curved brim. He also wears white spats or gaiters, so that both extremities of his figure are dressed in very light colours, which, by reflecting the light, give him full credit for every inch of his height.

His taste for "white accessories" to his dress does not end there, for, in addition to his wing-collar and shirt, he wears white slips round the opening of his waistcoat at the neck, and displays the full quantity of linen at his cuffs. When travelling in summer, the King wears an easy-fitting overcoat over this. It is made up of a thin grey, soft-finished worsted. This is lined through the front and across the top of the back with silk, which material is also brought to the front edge; and as the lapel is pointed, after the style of a frock-coat, this feature gives it a very dressy appearance.

The light waistcoat is an article of summer wear that is most popular with many men who belong to the royal circle—as, for instance, the Hon. George Keppel, the Hon. Derek Keppel, Count Mensdorff, the Earl of Ilchester, and many others. These waistcoats are mostly made in single-breasted no-

collar style from cashmere, mohair, alpaca, and even poplin, as well as the various makes of linen—such as drill, etc. Another feature introduced this season is the wearing of a light-coloured slip round the neck of a white waistcoat, in which case a bow-tie of the same shade is worn—for instance, the waistcoat itself may be of white alpaca, the slip and tie of heliotrope, pale-grey, or pea-green poplin.



IMITATING HER NEIGHBOUR ACROSS THE CHANNEL: PICTORIAL POSTERS IN THE BRITISH MANNER ISSUED DURING THE FRENCH ELECTIONS FOR THE FIRST TIME—THREE EXAMPLES.



A POSTER AGAINST STATE MONOPOLY—THE FIRST IN THE BRITISH MANNER.



A POSTER AGAINST COMPULSORY CONTRIBUTORY PENSIONS.



By HENRY LEACH.

The Grip.

In common with many other golfers, whose number I would estimate roughly at about twenty thousand, I become very much agitated at this time of the year (when there is so much nervous consideration about the prospects of one's season) on the question of grip—the way in which you take hold of the handle of the club. Men who have not soared aloft to the plus handicap stage, and regard themselves as being still capable of improvement, worry about their grips at the beginning of every sea-



A PLASTER CAST: HARRY VARDON'S GRIP.

From the Cast by C. Smith and Sons.

attachment of the great professionals to the overlapping grip, as it is called, which makes us so uneasy about it. But for them we should probably never think of it, because it does not seem a natural grip, and it needs much practice to become used to it. But there is the fact that Braid, Taylor, and Vardon all use it, and swear by it, and probably 60 per cent. of the other professionals, and an even higher proportion of the younger ones, do the same. I doubt, however, whether a professional first invented it, as is generally supposed, because Mr. John Laidlay, who had not seen anybody doing that kind of thing before, took to it nearly thirty years ago. But, just as the professionals generally are in its favour, so the amateurs in these days are mostly attached to the plain, or two-V grip as they name it, in which the hands are kept separate. This may be partly due to the fact that they are not sufficiently thorough and determined in their practice and experiments. The plain grip is the one that comes most easily and naturally to a man.

The Overlapper.

Now most of the professionals advise you very earnestly to adopt the overlapping grip if you want to get on in the game and rid yourself of the liability to certain grip diseases of constant recurrence. They tell you that you will soon be master of it if you go out all alone with a driver and a few balls and practise it. They say you will surely drive a longer ball, and that you will always be straighter. It seems to me, after much careful thought and analysis of the matter, that one enormous virtue of the grip is that it keeps the right hand in complete subjection always, and prevents it from getting out of place. When the plain grip is used, the man frequently gets into trouble with his right hand, and has a week or two of fozzling or pulling before he discovers what is the matter. This hand, which is the cause of no end of vexation to the golfer, has sometimes a tendency to work round and under the shaft until the palm is face upwards; and when it gets like this it begins to grip hard, and to force the club on its own account, and then the driving goes all to pieces. It is kept

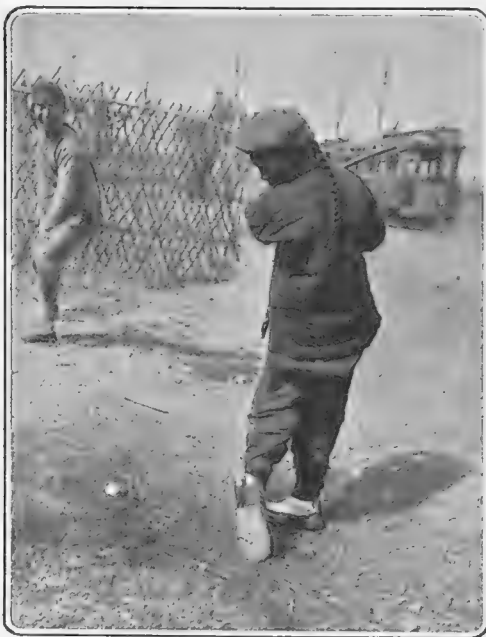
in its place and almost harmless by the overlapping grip, and the two hands work together harmoniously as one. There are many variations of the grip, but that used by Taylor seems as simple and easy as any. The champion says that he grips the handle of the club in the bend of the first finger of the left hand, the left thumb pressing on the top of the shaft. The little finger of that hand grips tightly, but the other two not so much. The grip of the right hand is similar in every respect, except that the thumb goes over the shaft instead of being on the top of it, and the little forefinger rests gently on the forefinger of the left hand. This last is the essence of the overlapping grip, and with slight modifications it is the way that they all do it. Taylor, you know, has his left thumb on the shaft, and the right one round it. Braid thinks it best to have both thumbs round the shaft, and does not believe in having either on the top. Harry Vardon also grips with his left thumb down the shaft, and is a great believer in it. Now and then you come across a player who grips with the right thumb on the top. This is certainly dangerous.

A Freak Grip.

I have been led particularly to the consideration of grips this week by a study and contemplation of the remarkable series of photographs in last week's *Sketch* of the grips used by the players in the recent University match. Having had nothing to do with the suggesting or preparing of those photographs, and not seeing them until they were published, I feel free to say they are the most remarkable and instructive set of golf pictures I have examined for a long time. They show us three things. In the first place, they indicate the variety of grip that is open to us, and especially the numerous modifications of the overlapping that may be tried. Secondly, they show that this overlapping grip is far more the vogue among the younger golfers than was suspected, although it must be remembered that the young University man who goes in for sports has probably bigger and stronger hands than the average, and the grip comes easier to such men than it does to others. Thirdly, one of the pictures shows us such a freak in grips as made me feel hot all over when I first saw it. What is the use of talking about there being a right and a wrong way of playing golf when you have a man who plays in the University match, and plays exceedingly well, gripping his club as Mr. R. E. Walker, of Cambridge, does, with the handle passing between the first and second fingers of each hand! We know that the late Tom Morris, the elder, in his youthful days, used to grip with his left hand below the right; and I have seen some men—with long handicaps—do it in these



A PHOTOGRAPH: HARRY VARDON'S THREE-QUARTER APPROACH GRIP.

Photograph by Ulljett.

THE CELESTIAL CADDIE—HAVING A LITTLE GOLF ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

Photograph by Wright.

days. But with the club between the fingers—oh, it is too much! And Mr. Walker, when he first went up to Cambridge as a freshman, did a 69 and a 68 in the same week at Royston, the latter being one stroke better than Vardon's record for the course.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Four Months Free in France.

Having regard to the large number of motorists who are annually driven out of this country by police persecution on one side and chiefly, and hotel over-charges in a lesser degree, it is a relief to all those who contemplate a motoring holiday in France that the foreign tourist may use his own car in that country for four consecutive months without becoming liable for the new taxes on automobiles when they become law. As a matter of fact, although the imposts—all undesirable as they are from the point of view of the native and the native industry—have received the approval of the Lower French House of Parliament, the measure embodying them has yet to pass the Senate. Now, the Senate has a happy knack of shelving things likely to harm any French interest, even though taxation be concerned; and it is highly probable that this Bill will be hung up indefinitely.

The Fallacious In a late issue of the *Autocar* Mr. C. F. Dendy Marshall, B.A., was at some pains to show the un-

furlong of furlong police traps. For the benefit of those of my readers whose weights and measures may have escaped them, I would remind them that a furlong is equal to 220 yards only, one eighth of a mile—a sufficiently short distance over which to check motorists for infringement of the law. Having shown the numerous possibilities of error which obtain in connection with the rough-and-ready timing of the police, Mr. Marshall gives an interesting little table in which it is shown that round about twenty miles per hour an error of only a second means one mile per hour, and at thirty miles per hour half a second makes a similar difference when

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ON A MOTOR-CAR:
SENDING A MESSAGE.

Photograph by Topical.

tim-
ing over the above distance. I quite agree with this very lucid writer that if these facts were brought to the notice of Chief Constables and others responsible for the authorisation of police traps, they would hesitate before they instituted proceedings on such flimsy evidence. I understand that this is being freely done by a bestowal of reprints in quarters where it is likely to have effect. A good work!

Every Drop in the Tank.

What
self-
tend-

ing motorist of us all has not invoked the reverse of a blessing upon the heads of all folk responsible for the faucets of petrol-cans? Notwithstanding the length of brass tube which is presumed to penetrate the inner mysteries of the vessel and render pouring a pure delight,

for reasons hitherto unexplained, not one can in ten will pour in a peaceful and economical manner. There is always loss from splashing; and in view of the rise in the price of spirit, it

is highly desirable that every spoonful should go into the tank. It is good news, then, that the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., the proprietors of the original Pratt, have lately improved their well-known green cans in this respect. The faucet is now set in a dome-shaped stamping on the top of the can, so that when inverted every drop is emptied. Also, cleansing the can before refilling—a most important thing from the motorist's point of view—is rendered much easier.

Paulhan's Great Flight.

M. Paulhan's journey of 220 miles across country by aeroplane puts him at the head of all practical aviators. Perhaps before very long the big *Daily Mail* prize for a flight from London to Manchester, which is open to all comers, may tempt M. Paulhan, who would certainly make a magnificent attempt to win it. The journey completed by the Farman machine was 220 miles in all, but Farman himself flew the first 50 miles of the trip with a passenger, and then, the next day, handed his aeroplane over to his friend Paulhan, who first covered 130 miles

from Etampes to Chevilly, and, after a night's rest, put on another 40 miles, which brought him to Chalons and his hangar. The ease and confidence with which this intrepid Frenchman handles his apparatus is suggested by the fact that he carried a camera on his back and took a number of photographs. Also during the journey he rose to a height of 1800 feet.

Hope for the Humble. "How to Build an Aeroplane," by M. Robert Petit, whose views on engine-weights I quoted the other day, should be read by all who take an interest in aeroplanism. At the moment the sport of the air is as far removed from the average individual as the poles; but if M. Petit is to be credited, such conditions will not obtain for ever. The man of moderate means, who has figured so largely in motor discussions, may take heart of grace when he reads that, in M. Petit's opinion, it will be possible to employ very low-powered engines for aeroplanes, and that it is only a question of time before a motor of 3-h.p. will suffice. That would bring the aeroplane almost within the reach of the class who use and enjoy motorcycles. Such statements are somewhat bewildering at the moment, when we are taught that reduction in weight and increase in power are the absolute essentials of an up-to-date aeroplane engine. M. Petit's views on the relative advan-



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY ON A MOTOR-CAR:
RECEIVING A MESSAGE.

Photograph by Topical.



A TELEGRAPH-STATION THAT MAY BE MOVED AT SIXTY OR SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR:
A MOTOR-CAR FITTED WITH A "WIRELESS" INSTALLATION.

The car illustrated is fitted with a portable wireless telegraph set, which enables its owner to keep in constant communication with his home while out motoring. It is said that a number of American motorists are to have their cars similarly equipped. The apparatus can be moved from the car at will, and placed on the road. It is pointed out that such an invention may be of great service in time of war.

Photograph by Topical.

tages of the monoplane and the biplane are also opposed to the views of the majority of the experts to-day. Time will prove,

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Classics. Many of the sporting writers are very much down on Neil Gow because he put up a slovenly performance in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket. He won notwithstanding, and that is all that is needed at racing. I am still of opinion that Lord Rosebery's colt will capture the triple crown, although he may have all his work cut out to beat Lemberg over the Rowley Mile for the Two Thousand Guineas. Neil Gow is a stayer, and, with a fair start, he should win the Derby cleverly, for the book tells us that such as Lemberg, Admiral Hawke, Greenback, and Charles O'Malley cannot beat him unless they have improved and Neil Gow has gone back. Well, the latter looked wonderfully fit at Newmarket, and it must not be forgotten that his stable companion, Rochester, to whom, according to report, Lord Rosebery's colt could give 10 lb. at any distance, is in winning vein. I think Maher understands Neil Gow to a nicety, and the only risk one is taking about his Epsom race is as to whether he gets away or not. He could not afford to give many lengths at the start and then to run the risk of being badly placed round the bend at Tattenham Corner. All the same, I, for one, should not be disturbed if he were only left a length or two, as I am certain he has quite that advantage. Many good judges in Ireland think Admiral Hawke is a certainty for the Derby, but I do not agree with them. The Admiral is a nice colt, and he looks well, but on the book he is many pounds behind Neil Gow. And here I would add we must not throw over Minoru because he ran so badly in the City and Suburban. I think he will do better in the Jubilee Stakes.

Motor-Cars. It has been the fashion of late to ride to and from the racecourse in motor-cars, and it is possible nowadays to hire a useful car at a reasonable rate. But hirers should be careful that the chauffeur is willing to keep within the law when on the journey, or they may find themselves stopped on the road, with much trouble and inconvenience to follow. I remember hiring a car last year to take me to a far-off meeting, and before the start the coachman asked me what pace I would like to go—"either twenty or fifty miles

only the week before he had paid £8 in fines for the fun. Having heard about this, I kept my eye on that joker throughout the journey, and I'll engage to say that he did not on a single occasion get up to the twenty-mile mark. Now, had I said nothing, and started off at, say, thirty miles per hour, I should have been none the wiser—at least, until we had been pulled up by some constable. I mention all this as a warning to the hirers of cars to give their chauffeurs strict instructions not to exceed the twenty-miles limit, and it behoves racegoers, as well as all good sportsmen, to see that the law is not broken in this respect. I am very glad to say, by-the-bye, that the police are well on the look-out at all race-meetings for scorchers, who deserve all they get.

Unfair Riding. Although the majority of racegoers regret that it has been found necessary to punish Frank Wootton for unfair riding, the majority of sportsmen are glad to know that the Jockey Club members are determined to see their authority is upheld. At the same time, I quite agree with those jockeys who contend that under the existing rules it is difficult to determine what does and what does not constitute unfair riding. I think the Jockey Club should give to the

riders the necessary information. As I read the rules, a jockey is perfectly justified in starting from the extreme outside of the course and finishing on the inside if he keep two lengths ahead of any other animal when he is crossing over. Lord Downe, some time back, told the jockeys that they were, as far as possible, to keep to the positions in which they were drawn; but this suggestion has done very little good, as we have for the last two or three years seen all the jockeys make for the rails when opportunity presented itself. The riders one and all get imbued with the idea that advantage accrues from being next the rails, and they get there at all costs short of deliberately infringing the rules. I cannot see what is to be done to alter this. All the same, the Stewards of the Jockey Club might make it clearly understood how far a jockey was justified in crossing over, and arm the local stewards with authority to act in the case of those riders who infringe the regulations—that is, of course, after these have been clearly defined for the benefit of the jockeys.



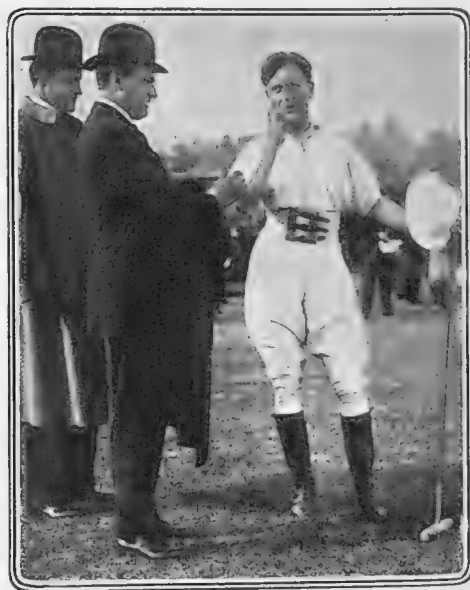
BRITISH POLO-PLAYERS IN AMERICA: THE ENGLISH TEAM WHO WON THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP OF CALIFORNIA RECENTLY—MAJOR H. R. LEE, MR. F. A. GILL, MR. F. B. HURNDALL, AND MAJOR G. W. HOBSON.

The English team, whose portraits we give, won the Championship of California at the Coronado Country Club last month.—[Photograph by Norton and Bennette.]



THE BRITISH POLO-PLAYER WHO HAS MET WITH AN ACCIDENT IN AMERICA: MR. W. S. BUCKMASTER (TALKING TO MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD). At the polo carnival at Mr. George J. Gould's seat, Georgian Court, Lakewood, N.J., the British polo team beat the Meadowbrooks by five and a quarter goals to four. Mr. Buckmaster, a member of the English team, met with an accident on the 11th of this month, and shattered his collar-bone by a fall during practice.

Photograph by Topical.



A FAMOUS AMERICAN POLO-PLAYER—AND OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY": MR. ROBERT J. COLLIER. Mr. Collier was one of the Meadowbrook Team, defeated by the British polo team during the carnival at Georgian Court, Lakewood. He scored two goals for his side. "Collier's Weekly" has made his name familiar throughout journalistic America and in this country. He is as hard a worker as he is a player.

Photograph by Topical.

per hour, just which I liked." Of course I fastened him down to twenty, "and no running over dogs or fowls." He then ventured the opinion that I was a bit slow, as the gentleman whom he drove to Goodwood insisted on an average of thirty miles per hour, and

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Parisienne at Pera.

If Marcelle Tinayre, in her new book about Turkey, reveals herself more of a Parisienne than as a famous author, the reason is that she is enormously—and rightly—preoccupied with the social condition of Mussulman ladies, so that no detail of their dress, manners, or private life escapes her critical Western eye. Moreover, she is feminine enough to be genuinely interested in her own appearance, and we seldom fail to hear what pretty clothes she had on or what kind of monstrous, modish hat from the Rue St. Honoré aroused the malevolence of a Turkish crowd or the scorn of worshippers in a mosque. Besides, dress was a never-failing stand-by when conversation in the harem flagged, so that Mme. Tinayre is moved to the philosophic dictum that women in every country and of every race can always "get on," because they have everywhere two subjects in which they are eternally and passionately



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A BLACK-CHIP HAT TRIMMED WITH TULLE AND ROSES—THE BRIM LINED WITH PAISLEY SILK.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

interested—namely, children and clothes. Admitted into some of the most distinguished harems in Stamboul, Marcelle Tinayre gives us many an amusing sidelight on manners behind the purdah. A Turkish lady, for instance, is never allowed to read novels, because she must not know how any other man, except her husband, behaves when he is in love. Yet polygamy is dying out, and most Turks practise it as Mme. Tinayre declares her compatriots practise it—by having a legal wife at home and a "dancer" on the other side of the water.

Are the Russians Neurotic?

The theory of eminent Italian doctors and jurists in the Tarnowska trial is that most educated Russians are irresponsible neuro-paths. That members of this branch of the Slav race are somewhat strange but exceptionally charming is known to all frequenters of cosmopolitan salons, but that they are morally irresponsible has been left for Italian savants to discover and to prove. Certainly the "atmosphere" of the more famous Russian novels is abnormal, high-pitched, and pregnant with a peculiar emotion. There is little or no sentiment, and no sentimentality whatever. If this pathological state of mind can be proved, it would account for the enthusiasms and heroisms of the young Revolutionaries, particularly of girls in their teens; for the presence of dynamitards in "the best families" in Petersburg and Moscow, and for the extraordinary fortitude with which these well-educated and well-bred young things, boys and girls alike, have been going, for years past, in one long sinister procession to Siberia or to the gallows. In this kind of neurasthenia martyrdom is as welcome as it was to the early Christians; but the Russians would be wise if they sternly discouraged it, and refused the martyr's crown to these exalted young Revolutionaries. A healthy interest in football should be encouraged, instead of secret societies; and for the highly educated and serious Russian girl an opening for her services in public affairs.

The Afternoon Hat.

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at our leading theatres promise to be well-nigh as exciting as debates in the House of Commons, so burning has become the question of the matinée hat. For when irresponsible women get their tempers up and keep their hats on some pretty scenes may be expected on this side of the footlights. And against this "human interest" the players will compete in vain.

A row in the stalls between an irate gentleman who has paid for his stall and cannot see the play, and an uppish lady who refuses to be dictated to, is more thrilling than all your fictitious love-scenes, more comic than your wildest farce. The mummies must take a back seat while these protagonists are to the fore. Curiously enough, our theatrical managers, being men, fail to understand the question even remotely. If proper places were provided in our theatres for the reception of these elaborate matinée hats, every woman would cheerfully remove the obstruction. This is done in Germany in the smallest provincial theatres, and it could as well be done in London. As it is, the afternoon playgoer must nurse her hat for three solid hours, or else skewer it on to the seat in front of her, with every chance of piercing with her hatpin the spine of the unfortunate person who occupies the stall.

Literary Philanderers.

I am sorry to observe that the pursuit and practice of Letters conduces to philandering in both men and women. Compared to painters, musicians, or politicians, your author easily takes first place in the *pays du tendre*. When Alfred de Musset proposed to run off to Venice with Georges Sand, his friend Alfred Nattet implored him to choose, like himself, an actress to share the adventure, declaring that the heroines of the stage were far less dangerous than feminine novelists. "Georges" herself was a Princess of Philanderers; but mark how much tougher in these affairs is the Frenchwoman than the Frenchman. The lady survived her stormy past, and lived to a green old age, respected—nay, adored—by all her famous contemporaries, a grandmother of the most delightful type. The famous poet whose name is always linked with hers died comparatively young, of absinthe and dissipation. In English literature we have had some sublime Philanderers, of whom Swift, Byron, and the radiant, irresponsible Percy Bysshe Shelley are widely different variations of the same type. But, according to Mr. Walter Sichel, Laurence Sterne was the most dangerous of all these amorists; for he indulged in a morbid sentimentality in an age when robust men indulged in port-wine. If he created a new form, a new style in literature, he was probably the most unsatisfactory husband and lover even the world of authors has ever produced.



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING-FROCK OF WHITE CHIFFON IN CLASSICAL STYLE, TRIMMED WITH SILVER EMBROIDERY.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Social Kick-Off.

The ball is set rolling with the opening of the Opera season, which event took place on Saturday evening with great brilliance and éclat. That, in football parlance, was the kick-off; how the game is going no one may yet say. I hear it is to be an American and Rubber season. The Americans are coming over in crowds. Already some of our best town mansions have been secured by rich Americans. Mrs. Graham Miller, a lady from California, with a daughter to take out, has the great big house in Grosvenor Square wherein Florence Lady Nunburnholme was wont to entertain for the now merged, mixed, and nearly-lost-sight-of Liberal Party. Mrs. Frank Mackey, well known among us as smart and bright, has Lord Dartmouth's great house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, in which Lady Granard, an Anglo-American hostess—since one-half of her is British—entertained last season. Mrs. Drexel has her mansion in Grosvenor Square, and will have her son and his bride to give parties for, as well as her daughter's wedding to celebrate. The rubber boom has lessened the grip on money; there is more to spend. These things make for the prosperity of the season.

Flowers All the Way.

Only in America is money spent so freely on flowers as here in London, where life is wonderfully brightened by them. I was much struck on visiting that wonderful Floral Dépôt, 47, Baker Street, the other day to see the enormous quantity and great variety of the magnificent cut flowers they have there, and by the moderate prices asked for them. The firm do decorations for so many of the smart weddings and parties that their stock is necessarily a big one, and their business is so large and so constantly increasing that their customers reap a great benefit in price. Last week they did the Beaconsfield statue at Westminster, and sent a superb wreath to the great statesman's pew in Hughenden Church.

Empire-Founding.

The foundations of the Empire must be strong and easy and beautiful—so think the Lotus Shoemakers, Ltd., who have produced, made after the method which has secured for them a world-wide reputation, some coloured shoes to match the dresses of the Empire's daughters. These fit admirably and most comfortably without lace or strap. They are finished with a gilt-edged buckle. They are beautifully made on the very latest lasts. They have all the features of these now famous shoes turned out at the Lotus Factory, Stafford. That is to say, there is nothing like them for comfort and for wear. The heels are perfectly shaped, and exactly the right height for proper balance. Every succeeding pair is equally becoming and comfortable.

Pick-Me-Up.

To be in England now the spring is here is an aspiration we all understand. There is another side to it, though, for the spring days when they first come enervate us so much that we wonder what on earth is the matter. A glass of Mariani Wine enables us to enjoy the spring, sustains and stimulates us. It is a good and sure tonic restorative, and gives energy and strength to us when we feel the incoming of the spring. After influenza it has a wonderful effect in getting rid of the dreadful feeling of depression and exhaustion following that fell disease. It is invaluable in all cases of mental and physical breakdown. How many millions of collapses of the kind it has prevented will never be known.

Artistic Brilliance.

The wearing of jewellery has come to be quite general in our country, not only in the evening, but in the daytime. The reason is not far to seek. Since we have had high art in jewelled ornaments, introduced by the Parisian Diamond Company, wearing jewels in daylight has ceased to be ostentatious, and has become artistic. Instead of things worth a mass of money being displayed only because of that fact, ornaments are so beautiful in design, so up to date in fashion, so fascinatingly set with gems, that the fact of their value is lost in the charm of their form. This is as it should be, and for it we ought to be truly grateful. The lightness, grace, and beauty of the Parisian Diamond Company's collars, plaques, hair-ornaments, corsage-brooches, buckles, and earrings have made them wear fit for the greatest lady in the land either by night or by day.



THE LOTUS GIRL.

The Lotus Girl may be imagined to be wearing a pair of Lotus shoes as described on this page. Lotus, of course, is the symbol of perfect comfort; no one, for instance, could imagine the Lotus-Eaters in shoes that pinched them.

After the Drawing by Balitot Salmon.

Hats or Horses or Both.

I wonder if the modiste who entered her client's bets as hats expected to win by a head? Also, I wonder if the clients backed horses in order to be able to pay for the hats? After all, if a woman plunges, it is usually to enable her to buy something that she wants in the way of dress. I fancy, however, that if the opinion of the modistes in the West End could be ascertained it would be against their clients backing horses and playing bridge. Whether these things really cause credit to be so long and unsweetly drawn out, they are usually blamed for it.

A Frock and a Hat.

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a white evening frock of chiffon in classical style, trimmed with silver embroidery and gracefully draped. On the same page is an illustration of a black-chip hat, the brims lined with Paisley silk and trimmed with tulle and roses.

Gay and Gallant.

The Lancers, with their pennants of scarlet and white, gave a gallant air to the wedding of Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Milner and his pretty young bride. There were Life Guards, too, in the church, and never have I seen so many men at a wedding. Most of them were, it was easy to see, officers. I fancy the bridesmaids' dresses were designed to suit Lord Gerard's cousin, Miss Eve Gerard, for her style is decidedly classical, and she made a picture in her Grecian dress. They were all tall, pretty girls, but Miss Gerard's style is strikingly Grecian. She is, however, very fair. The bridegroom is a distinguished soldier; he must be a singularly popular one!

At her matinée at Steinway Hall this afternoon (Wednesday, the 27th), Miss Elsie Machen is giving a series of her Oriental dances, and a number of other clever artists will support her by contributing to what should prove an attractive programme.



IN THE LONDON HOME OF "THE MOTORITIES": THE MILLINERY SALON AT DUNHILL'S. Messrs. Dunhill, so well known in the motoring world as makers and purveyors of the "motorities"—everything, that is, which a motorist wants, except the car—are an old-established firm which has moved with the times. A century ago they were as famous for their harness and tarpaulins as they now are for motor requisites. In their premises at 2, Conduit Street, and 359-361, Euston Road, practically all their goods (including millinery) are made by their own workmen and women.

Theatre, Richmond, by the Thames Valley Amateur Operatic Society. The first is this evening (Wednesday) and the others on Thursday and Saturday evenings. Tickets may be obtained from Messrs. Etherington's, Hill Street, Richmond.

Three performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "The Sorcerer," preceded by their "Trial by Jury," are to be given this week at the Castle

at Seymour Street, W.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

RUBBER SPECIAL SETTLEMENTS.

ANY number of people are clamouring to know why on earth the Stock Exchange Committee do not fix Special Settlements in the shares in which they—the people, not (necessarily) the Committee—happen to be interested. All will come in good time. We explained this before, but the number of inquiries which reach us on the point lead us to reiterate the information. The shares of every new Company that comes out are not dealt in for the ordinary fortnightly account: they must have a 'formal "Special" Settlement all to themselves. All kinds of papers have to be submitted to the Stock Exchange Committee, and they are carefully scrutinised. Unless they comply with the somewhat strict regulations imposed by the Stock Exchange Committee, the applications are handed back to the firms making them, and the whole story has to be gone over again at a later period. This scrutiny, and the presentation of the needful papers, occupy time, and when a rush of new Companies takes place, the Stock Exchange department dealing with the Special Settlements becomes congested, and the work proceeds at a snail's-pace.

WILL THEY SETTLE?

Now, it is one of the rarest things in Stock Exchange experience for a Special Settlement not to take place. Very occasionally indeed a Special Settlement is not fixed, and in such cases there are always grave causes influencing the Committee's decision. The theory is that no consideration except the public weal shall affect the fixing of a Special Settlement, and many times such settlements have been made at the expense of Stock Exchange members who have suffered innocently from the machination of some swindling group of outsiders who have openly defrauded brokers and dealers. What the Stock Exchange Committee look at is the paramount necessity of keeping faith with the public, at whatever cost to the House, and that is why shares in some of the most dubious propositions duly receive their Special Settlement. We do not speak of Rubber Companies; we refer to others which will occur to every City mind; and the extreme rarity of the refusal to appoint a Special Settlement is first-class guarantee that nothing except most unusual circumstances will be allowed to stop the fixing by the Stock Exchange Committee of a Special Settlement.

LIABILITY ON PARTLY PAID SHARES.

Another matter which causes a good deal of perplexity relates to the payment of calls after a sale has been effected: A man applies for shares, and has them allotted; he pays, let us say by way of illustration, a shilling upon application and allotment, and then sells the shares for Special Settlement. He must also pay—this is the point—all calls that become due up to the date of the Special, when whatever he has disbursed is re-credited, plus the premium at which the shares were sold. It is no use sending call-letters to the brokers who did the bargain, because the documents will only be returned. The buyer pays nothing until the Special Settlement comes off, and then he has to find whatever calls have fallen due up to that date. Some good people, having sold their shares for Special Settlement, calmly consign call-letters to the waste-paper basket, oblivious of the fact that if they do not keep up the payments they stand to have the shares forfeited. This will all sound very elementary to the hardened Stock Exchange operators, but brokers know how much misapprehension exists on the subject, and they will forgive an attempt to set the matter out in plain form.

CONCERNING CERTIFICATES.

The necessity for preserving bankers' receipts and allotment-letters is another thing which does not seem to appeal as it should to the lay mind. One of the requirements of the Stock Exchange Committee is that certificates must be ready for delivery to the shareholder before a Special Settlement can be granted. When the shareholder receives the customary postcard from the Secretary to the Company in which he has risked his money, to the effect that certificates are ready in exchange for allotment letters, he may rest assured that the day of Special Settlement is drawing nigh. He sets out to look for the papers demanded, and in hundreds of cases discovers that they—or some of them—are missing. That doesn't worry him at all. He just sends a line to his broker acquainting him with the fact, and asks what he shall do. The broker, already overworked with legitimate business, hurls malediction upon his client's carelessness, and writes that a letter of indemnity will be required. This the client might just as well have obtained for himself from any law stationer. Forms are sold for this purpose, and all the client has to do is to sign one of these, across a sixpenny stamp, and send it, with what papers he has kept, to the Company, asking for his certificate, which will then be sent, and the broker saved all trouble. Of course a diligent search should first be made for the missing document, because one does not want more indemnities floating around than are absolutely

essential. Without them, however, few Companies will deliver the certificates which a man must have in order to witness his right to the shares which he owns.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"If—if you please, Sir——"

Our Stroller looked down at the neatly dressed little lass that timidly spoke.

"Well?" he said encouragingly.

"Oh, Sir, I don't like to ask you, but——"

Again our friend said "Well?"

"I do want some money to buy a mail-cart for my best doll, and I've got rubber tips on my boots, and everybody says——"

Our Stroller had some little lassies of his own at home, so, of course, he postponed his immense inclination to burst out laughing.

"I don't think you will get enough money off your boots to pay for a new mail-cart," he replied.

"Not even a wicker one?" and the maiden looked so disappointed.

"I'll tell you what," went on Our Stroller, "I have made a little money out of rubber, and we will share some of it, eh?"—and he held out two half-crowns.

* * * * *

"The craze isn't over yet," observed his broker, as they balanced on rickety stools in a well-known Throgmorton Street non-temperance shop.

"You think not?"

"The wish may be father to the thought, of course," and the broker looked critically upon the wine while it was red, "but I think the good shares are going to be as popular as ever after, perhaps, a week or so."

"And the little shares too?"

"That's more problematical. I doubt if the craze will break out again so strongly."

"The craze?"

"That's what it amounted to, practically," said the broker. "People made money, but they got timid when the market dried up the other day."

* * * * *

"What do you make of this Anglo-Dutch job?"

The speaker leant against Salmon and Gluckstein's, and his companion answered, loudly enough for our inquisitive friend to overhear—

"Somebody, I don't know whom, thinks he has a grievance against the concern."

"That's rather how it strikes me. Then the shares are cheap at half-a-sovereign premium?"

"Whatever happens, short of actual confiscation——"

"And there's no fear of that?"

"Not a chance, so far as I can see. Whatever happens, the Company is a first-rater, and if you don't want to risk money in it directly, buy Java Investment shares. They're settling the first week in May, and you can put them away for your children."

"Like Chartered?" and the speaker laughed somewhat cynically.

* * * * *

"Shouldn't touch them yet; wait for the Money Market to go easier," and Our Stroller listened with both ears to learn what an obvious broker had to say to an obvious client.

"But the lines are doing well," urged the client. "Look at Midland——"

The broker merely shrugged his shoulders, and admitted that very likely he was wrong.

"I go by the look of the market," he explained, "and there's nothing more misleading."

The client sighed. "I suppose I must sit on my stock for a bit longer."

"I thought you were a buyer," said the broker. "Of course, it seem childish to sell stock now, and I certainly should not advise it. Only you may see prices lower before they go up again, that's all."

* * * * *

"The Oil boom can't last for long," declared a man, one of a noisy group standing on the steps outside Slater's. "It's a most preposterous affair, with nothing to rest upon."

"The public are buying, anyway."

"And before long the public will be selling, or trying to. I don't believe in it."

"Well, I rather do," put in a quiet-looking man. "I think the Oil boom will run farther than some of you think."

All the others pounced on him, some with scoffing, some with cries of "Why?"

"The Oil boom will go on just because every man in the Stock Exchange is against it. And——"

"Oh, get out!" cried the others, pulling him in.

* * * * *

"But what do you mean by the 'good' Rubber shares? I can't afford to buy Bukit Rajahs, or even Linggis, in sufficient numbers to make it worth while gambling in them."

"Put aside fifty pounds, my boy, and spread it over Meritini, Strathisla, Bode, Beverleys, and Lamags. If the prices of any go

up a couple of shillings, sell; if they don't, you pay for the things at the Special Settlement, and they can't hurt you much if you hold them for a year."

Our Stroller pencilled the names, or something like them, on his newspaper, and listened for more.

Saturday, April 23, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GAMMA.—(1) We do not think the present the right time to sell Kaffirs. The Company is a long shot, and, as far as we know, no development is at present in progress. (2) We have no faith in the Oil boom. The Company is respectable.

E. A. T.—(1) A very speculative share. (2) The Preference shares might be held if it is income you want, but the palmy days of the Company are over. They are not likely to go back to your price. (3) The Debentures have practically no security except the goodwill of the paper, and the Preference shares are out of fashion.

YESRE.—(1) The shares of these Companies have been too industriously puffed to please us, and so many Press notices have appeared that we are beginning to think somebody wants to get out. The question of 50 per cent. or 60 per cent. is one of time. It is not suggested this year. (2) We think not. Keep off wild Rubber.

W. A.—Your letter was answered on the 19th inst.

C. W. A.—The mine does not seem very promising, and, short of the Rhodesian boom going further, we do not think the shares are a good purchase. As to the Oil, almost the same remarks apply, although it seems more likely that they will improve. Both shares are gambles whose intrinsic merits we doubt.

E. J. S.—Your letter requires considerable thought, but you will have received an answer before this issue reaches you.

MISSUS.—The Rubber Company is one of the sound ones, but the Oil concern we would not touch.

DUKE.—(1) A good Company, but you bought too high. (2) Also a good Company, but much of its land is at too high an elevation for Rubber. (3) Very doubtful. (4) Mine is let on tribute till next year. Your price is too high to please us.

CAROLUS.—The prospects are good.

A. J. C.—Have nothing to do with the so-called Bank.

ANXIOUS.—(1) Bad. (2) Take the fine premium you can get. (3 and 4) Expect these to go better. (5) A gamble, and not a bad one.

IMPORTANT NEW ISSUE PENDING.—The prospectus will appear next week of the Winni Rubber and Cotton Estates, Ltd., a Company formed to acquire a very large tract of land in Uganda. The capital is to be £100,000, and as it is being brought out under the same influential auspices as the Ceylon Travancore Company and the Essequibo Rubber Company, the shares should find a ready

market. The Essequibo, which appeared last week, was heavily over-subscribed, and the shares stood at a premium before the lists were closed. Ceylon-Travancore continue good at 2s. 9d.—3s. 9d. premium, and there is every indication of the price going considerably higher.

RHODESIAN MARKET DEVELOPMENTS.—Whatever may become of other sections of the Mining Markets, there is no mistaking the undertone of quiet optimism that prevails among the holders of Rhodesian securities. Possibly this is because Rhodesia is the acknowledged land of surprises, and information of new and important discoveries is continually filtering through. Lately we have seen deliberate attacks on new introductions—like the Gold Schists of Rhodesia and the Shamva Trust Companies—but it must be remembered that the parent groups have over three millions of money as a backing, and the fullest advantage is bound to be taken of the merits of their respective properties. Then we have the information that influential French financial houses are taking up large blocks of shares in these companies, acting on the reports that have been submitted by their own engineers after making personal inspections. Another bull point is the arrival in London of Messrs. H. A. Piper and Stanley Christopherson, and their opinions on the Shamva Mines are being eagerly anticipated. It is, therefore, quite an open question whether public favour may not be transferred from the Oil and Rubber Markets to this particular section of the Mining Market, with its untold and comparatively non-discounted possibilities.

The directors of Mappin and Webb, Ltd., have issued their first annual report. The profits to Dec. 31, 1909, were £54,816, and after providing Debenture interest and interim dividends, there remains £21,987, out of which it is proposed to pay a dividend at the rate of 9 per cent. for the half year (making $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the whole year 1909), and to carry forward £7487. As ample allowance is made for depreciation, leasehold redemption, etc., the result of the year's trading must be very pleasing to the shareholders.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Two Thousand Guineas will be won by Neil Gow, and the One Thousand Guineas by Santa Fina. Other fancies for Newmarket are: Heath Handicap, Well Done; Bretby Handicap, Buckstead; Ely Plate, Jack Snipe; Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate, Monastir; March Stakes, Bayardo; May Plate, Foot Guard. At Hurst Park I like these: Earlsfield Welter, Seaham; Victoria Cup, Lester Ash; Middlesex Plate, Queen Tii.

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The Popular French Actress, Madame Réjane, when visiting the babies of all nations at the Virol Eastern Nursery, evinced the keenest interest in the splendid specimens of babyhood. She nursed a number of the children, and before leaving, made the above inscription in the Visitors' Book.

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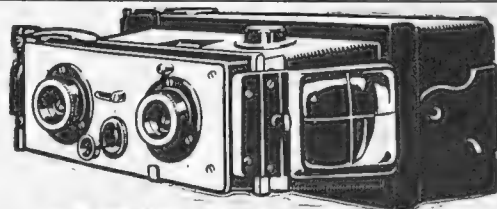
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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL (Feb. 19, 1910.)

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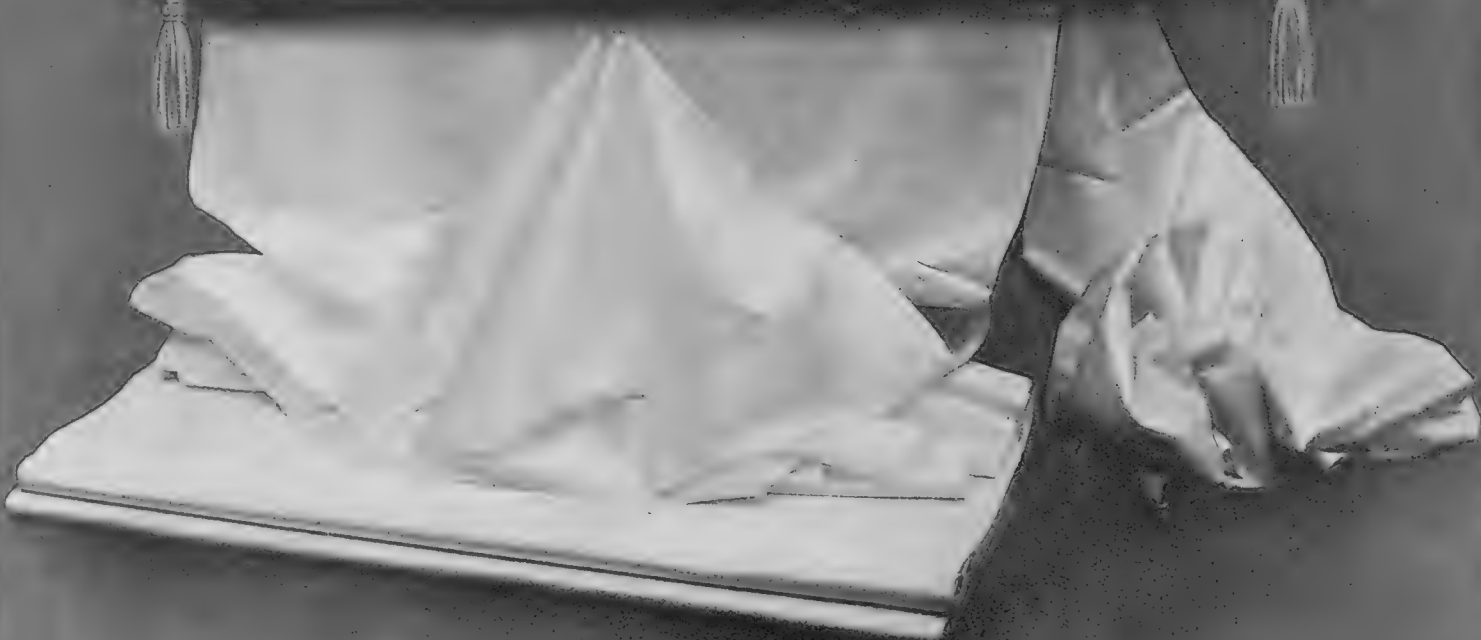
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Look for it when you buy YOUR NEXT NEW BICYCLE, and remember that the

BROOKS SADDLE

is unapproached in its comfort-giving qualities—hence, decline all substitutes.

The BROOKS BOOK is a unique publication illustrating over fifty models—write for it, it is free.

J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd.,
60, Criterion Works, BIRMINGHAM.

LINEN for the BED-ROOM



Linen Sheeting and Bed Linen woven by hand or power in our Bann Factory has a world-wide reputation for its good wearing qualities. Made from the best flax yarns, :: and bleached on the green fields of Ulster. ::

Examples of Robinson & Cleaver's Linen Value:

Irish Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds.	-	-	-	per pair	14/4
Irish Linen Sheets (hemstitched), 2 by 3 yds.	-	-	-	per pair	17/6
Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 in.	-	-	-	each	1/6
Irish Linen Towels (hemstitched) 24 by 41 in.	-	-	-	each	1/9½
Irish Linen Bedspreads, embroidered by hand	-	-	-	each	25/-
Irish Linen Duchesse Covers	,,	,,	-	each	2/11

Also some Notable Values in Table Linen:

Irish Linen Table Napkins, ¾ by ¾ yd.	-	per dozen	12/-
Irish Linen Table Cloths, 2 by 2½ yds.	-	each	9/11

† Comprehensive Catalogue may be had Free on post-card request. May we send you a Copy?

Price Lists
and samples
Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD

40, G, Donegall Place,

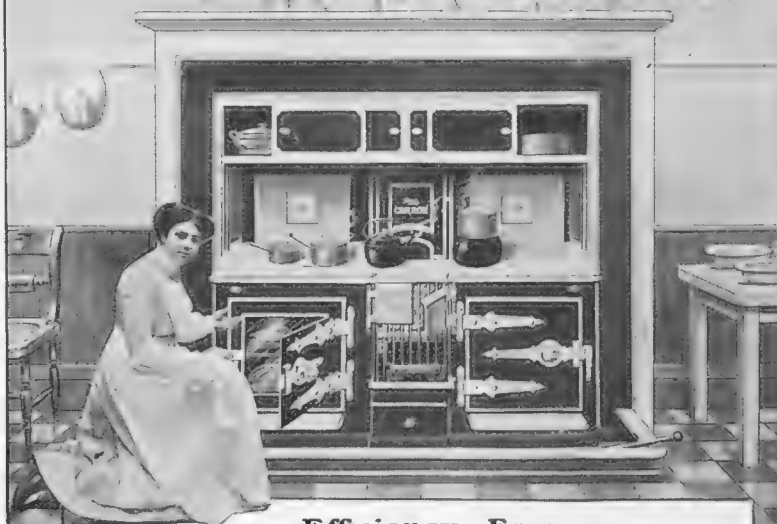
BELFAST

Money refunded
if goods are not
approved. ::

LONDON

LIVERPOOL

THE NEW CARRON RANGE



Efficiency, Economy, Adaptability and Excellence of Finish are the leading features in the new range—the "CARRON."

THERE is no occasion to open the oven door to inspect the cooking. The new "CARRON" Range provides a transparent inner GLASS DOOR through which contents of oven can be viewed without disturbing the uniform heat, and spoiling the cooking. The "CARRON" Range also embodies the following points of perfection:—

A thermometer is attached for guidance of cook, A folding-down hinged front facilitates cleaning of fire chamber. Cast iron flues take the place of the more or less unsatisfactory brick ones. The boiler can be removed, if necessary, without disturbing the Range. Fire hood can be opened or closed with one motion. A hot closet is provided with sliding doors, and a movable bottom-grate for regulating size of fire. This new Range is the epitome of Carron excellence, embodying all the best Carron ideas, with the latest exclusive features. This Range is on view for your inspection at the Company's Showrooms.

No. 40, Descriptive Range Pamphlet on application to



CARRON COMPANY CARRON,
Stirlingshire.

A complete assortment of Carron manufactures on view at the following Showrooms—
London (City) 15, Upper Thames St., E.C. 4; (West End) 23, Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W. also at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham and Dublin.

1,000,000 BLESSINGS ON THE HEADS OF OUR READERS.

Free Gifts of Packages containing Material and Instructions for a whole week's "Harlene Hair Drill."

Send for one—follow instructions—and note the improved appearance of your hair in growth, colour, health, & appearance generally.

If we take the trouble to observe our neighbours' heads at any of the resorts or places where men and women meet together, we shall notice that the possession of a really luxuriant head of hair of good colour, and free from all signs of "thinning" or other weakness, is the exception rather than the rule.

The reason is not far to seek. At the present time, owing to altered and more strenuous conditions of life, the hair does not receive that careful daily attention which it requires in order to keep strong and healthy under modern conditions of life.

Your hair cannot keep beautiful and strong and vigorous unless it is given daily "Harlene Hair Drill," any more than a watch will keep going without being wound up every day. For, delicate as is the internal mechanism of a watch, the hair is a more delicate organism still. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment—good or bad (and it generally receives the latter)—of any part of the human structure. And, situated as it is in a most exposed position, and subject to the injurious presence of women's hair-pads, or of men's heavy and tight-fitting headgear, there is no wonder that, not receiving the daily "Harlene Hair Drill" it requires, it gives up the struggle, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, or thin, or straggly, and eventually, perhaps, falls out altogether.

A Million Blessings on a Million Heads.

It is for this reason that everyone, irrespective of age or sex, who is interested in the proper care and growth of the hair should welcome the important announcement we are privileged to make to-day—the announcement that the leading Hair Specialist in the world, Mr. Edwards, the discoverer both of "Harlene" and the famous "Harlene Hair Drill," has now determined to distribute, free of all charge, no fewer than one million packages containing all the

materials and instructions necessary for one Week's "Harlene Hair Drill."

This munificent proposal—to bestow a million blessings upon a million heads—will certainly be of more value in proving to you its most marvellous hair-improving merits than other means.

Every reader of this article, therefore, whose hair is Thin, Damp, Dry, Falling, Unruly, Dull, Scanty, Grey, Brittle, Greasy, Lustreless, Discoloured, or whose scalp has become scurfy, inflamed, rigid, covered with dandruff, or denuded of hair, either partly or completely, should write at once (enclosing three penny stamps for postage), and a Week's Free Trial of "Harlene Hair Drill" will be sent by return.

Further supplies of "Harlene for the scalp and Hair" may be obtained at all high-class Chemists and Stores at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., for which amounts the respective quantities will be sent post free (on receipt of order and remittance) to any part of the United Kingdom.



The morning "Harlene Hair Drill" should be as indispensable a feature of the toilet as tooth drill or soap-and-water cleanliness. The "Harlene Hair Drill" is as necessary to the hygiene and beauty of the hair as the other "drill" is necessary to the hygiene, wholesomeness, and beauty of the teeth and skin. Besides the head-feeling, following, "Harlene Hair Drill" is a truly natural tonic to the brain and mind, as it is to the scalp and hair. Try it free. Mr. Edwards supplies materials and instructions for one week's trial at his own expense—not yours.

SEND THIS COUPON for FREE "HARLENE HAIR DRILL" OUTFIT

Issued by the Royal Hair Specialists to all desirous of growing and beautifying the hair.

To MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs,—I wish to try "Harlene Hair Drill" for one week, in accordance with your offer to readers of this paper, and shall be glad if you will send me the Harlene Hair Drill Outfit with instructions, free of charge.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the World.

NAME

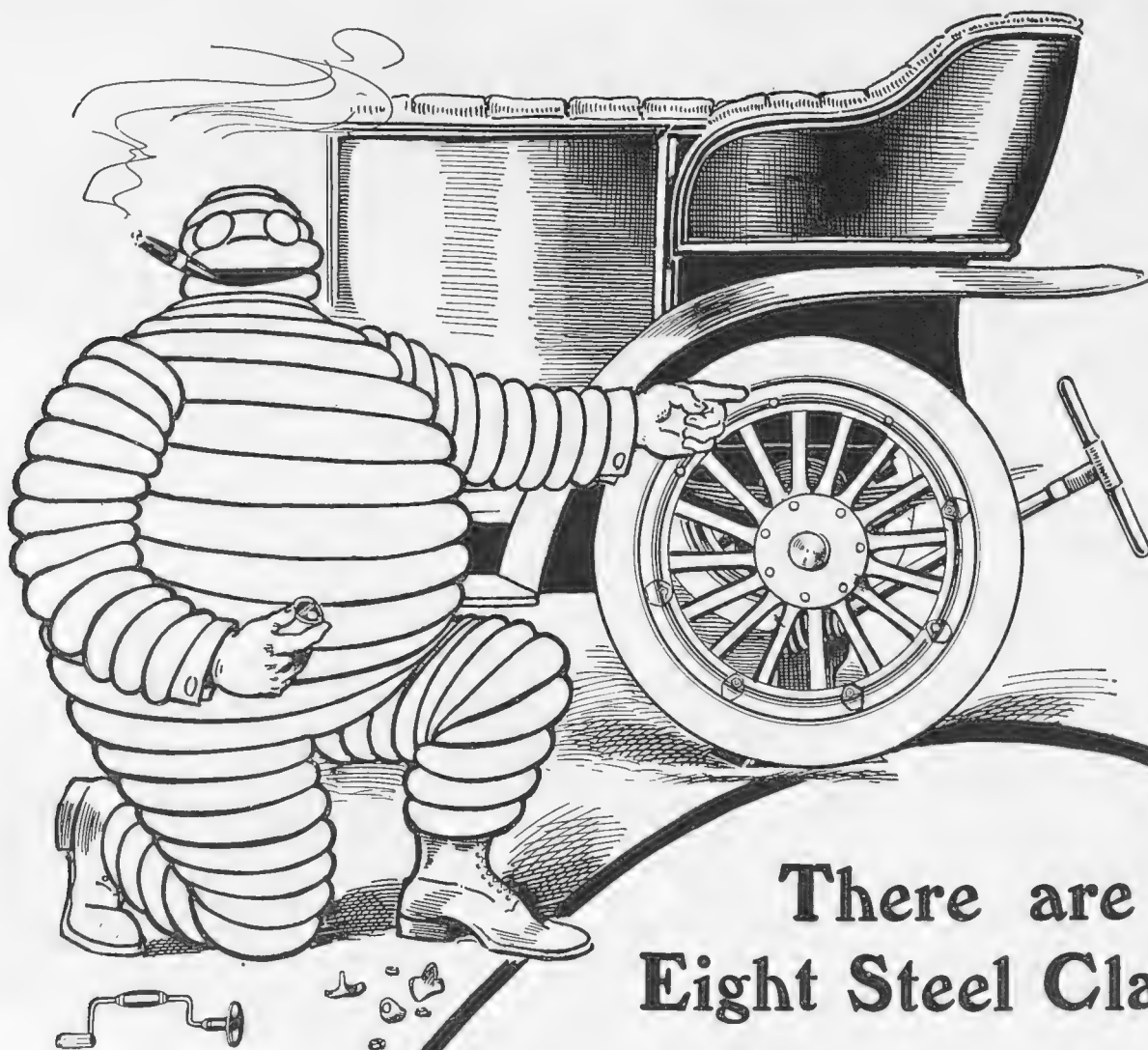
ADDRESS

"Sketch," April 27, 1910.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

SAVES TIME MONEY WORRY

*Our Washing done, ere the Clock strikes One,
We go for a run in the Morning Sun,
Thanks to "SUNLIGHT."*



There are Eight Steel Clamps

—each secured by a steel bolt and nut—which hold the

MICHELIN

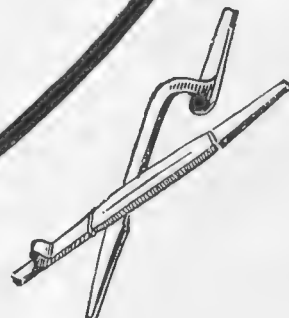
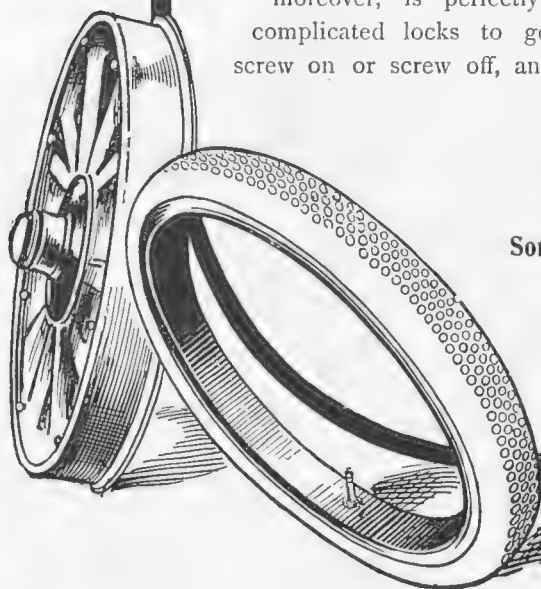
Detachable Rim

to its wheel, making it impossible for the rim to become detached unexpectedly.

Furthermore, to prevent the detachable rim from “creeping,” the wheel rim is provided with a deep collar into which a lug on the detachable rim fits.

As the Michelin is the simplest in design, so it is unquestionably the safest detachable rim; and the spare is lighter than any detachable wheel, or any other detachable rim on the market. The method of operation, moreover, is perfectly straightforward; it has no springs to break, no complicated locks to get out of order. There are just eight nuts to screw on or screw off, and eight clamps to slip in or slip out—that’s all.

Michelin Tyre Co., Ltd.,
42-53, Sussex Place,
South Kensington, London, S.W.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

PRICE 1/- PER BOTTLE. OF ALL GROCERS, CHEMISTS, ETC.



Best For BABY'S Tender Skin

BECAUSE baby's skin is so delicate it easily becomes chafed, sore, and inflamed, as every mother knows. Baby's future is most vitally affected by the choice of soap for its bath. Cheap toilet soap with its "free alkali" lays the foundation for eczema in later life. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap contains no "free alkali," and in addition, possesses a distinct soothing and healing influence, keeps disease distant, and helps to make the tissues beautifully clear, flexible, and strong.

Used in baby's daily bath, it keeps the pores open; and under its medicinal influence the skin develops into healthy, sound tissue.

Sold by all Chemists in Shilling Cakes, or dainty box of three, 2/6. Also from Zam-Buk Co., 45, Cow Cross Street, London, E.C.

Zam-Buk

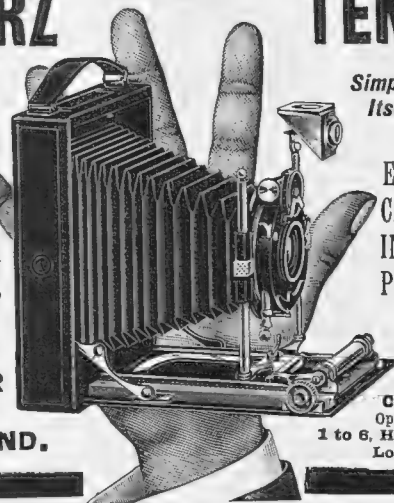
MEDICINAL
SOAP

"HEALS WHILE YOU WASH."

GOERZ POCKET TENAX

The Smallest Universal Camera.

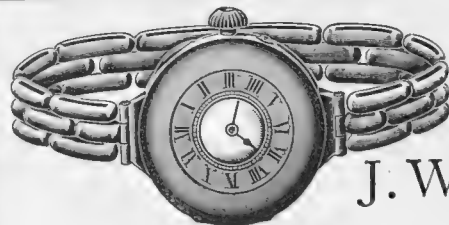
NO LARGER THAN THE HAND.



Simplicity Itself.

EASILY CARRIED IN THE POCKET.

Tenax Booklet No. 39 on application to: C. P. GOERZ Optical Works, Ltd. 1 to 6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.



"PERFECT SAFETY."
Gold Watch Bracelets
(Lever Movements).

J. W. BENSON, LTD.,

Have made a special study of these charming ornaments, and their "Perfect Safety" Bracelets now contain many important improvements to be found only in their make. They fit any size wrist, and are made in several qualities from £6, set with Gems, from £17, or in silver cases with leather strap, from £2 10s. Sold at strictly Moderate Prices for Cash, or on "The Times" System of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Illustrated Books, post free. No. 1, Watches, Expanding Bracelets, Rings, Jewels, &c. No. 2, Plate, Clocks, Silver Goods, &c., or a selection will be sent to intending buyers at our Risk and Expense.

J. W. BENSON, Ltd., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
25, OLD BOND ST., W., AND 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD.,

114-120, Regent St., London, W.

Famous for nearly a Century for
Tailor Gowns and Riding Habits.

INEXPENSIVE SPRING GOWNS



Paris Model Gown.

Made in new Black and White Fancy Material, Braided with Black Braids. The front of the Coat is edged with a fancy coloured Galon.

Can be copied in similar materials, Serges, or Tweeds from

£9 9 0

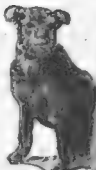
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A smart Tailor Coat and Skirt in Green Tweed, hand-braided, Collar and Cuffs of Corded Silk, piped with Red and edged with Gilt Braid.

Can be copied in similar materials or Serges from

£9 19 6

Orders by post are treated with the utmost care and the wishes of customers studied to the minutest detail. Prices are fixed and are not deviated from in any case.



By return of post, in response to each request, a variety of patterns will be dispatched with a full selection of Illustrations. Carriage paid on all garments.

Plain Tailor Suit.

Can be made in a large selection of Cloths. Trimmings as illustration.

£6 16 6

NICOLL'S RIDING HABITS, with PATENT SAFETY FOOT-STRAP, from £5 15s. 6d., are unrivalled for elegance and sound workmanship.

H. J. NICOLL & CO., LTD., 114-120, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

PARIS: 29 and 31, Rue Tronchet.
LIVERPOOL: 50, Bold Street.

MANCHESTER: 10, Mosley Street.
BIRMINGHAM: 39, New Street.



**LET ME TELL
YOU OF THE
VALUE OF
BENGER'S
FOOD
IN CASES OF
MALNUTRITION.**

Cases of malnutrition—popularly described as "overgrowing strength"—are common in rapidly growing children. It is not unusual in such cases to find that the demand for food is in advance of the digestive capacity, and, as everyone knows, bodily nutrition depends upon how much food one can digest with benefit, not upon how much one can eat.

In malnutrition Benger's is of the highest possible value as a supplementary food owing to its ability to provide a food of maximum nourishing power which can be absorbed with little digestive effort, so that while it strengthens and increases the vitality of the digestive organs, the digestive process can be carried so far that it leaves them free to deal with the every-day diet.

Benger's Food is made with fresh milk, forming a dainty delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. Infants and children thrive on it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

Benger's new Booklet deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free, on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

BENGER'S Food

BENGER'S FOOD is sold by Chemists, etc., everywhere.



**BEAUTY CAN BE
WOONED—AND WON**

The secret? There is no secret. Simply use Pomeroy Skin Food as directed. The result will astonish and delight you. This preparation clears the skin of all impurities, gives tone and colour to the complexion, rounds out the contours, and brings back to the face that freshness and charm which is beauty's chief attraction.

**POMEROY
SKIN FOOD.**

TRIAL OFFER Price 1/6, 3/6, and 5/- a jar. Obtainable from Chemists, Stores, or direct from

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd.,
29F, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

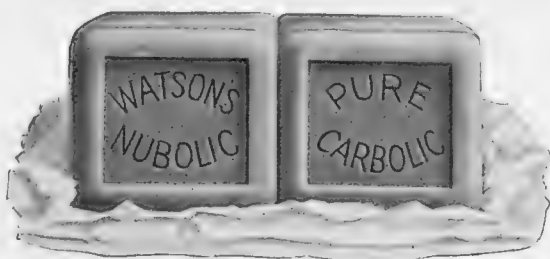
On receipt of 3d. stamps Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., will send post free a small trial jar of "SKIN FOOD," and one Pomeroy Sham-poo Powder.

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES: Liverpool, 27, Lecece St.; Birmingham, 75, New St.; Glasgow, 281, Sauchiehall St.; Dublin, 67, Grafton St.; Sheffield, 4, Market Place Buildings.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

for the
TEETH.

This powder is of inestimable value in PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING the TEETH, strengthening the gums, and in giving a delicate FRAGRANCE to the BREATH. It eradicates tartar, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the ENAMEL, to which it imparts a PEARL-LIKE WHITENESS. Contains no acid or gritty ingredients. Boxes, 2/9. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.



NUBOLIC is the soap with the two-fold mission — it cleanses and it also disinfects.

Its range of usefulness covers every department of home-cleaning; it serves to keep a score of threatening ills at bay.

Where there are children Nubolic Soap is indispensable.

Nubolic

DISINFECTANT SOAP

Three sizes of Nubolic are sold by Grocers, Oilmen, & Stores everywhere. Full lb. (16 ounces) 3d.; $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. (12 ounces) 3d.; $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. (8 ounces) 2d. 1,000,000 prizes, value £160,500, for those who save the wrappers from Nubolic Soap. Every prize guaranteed full value. List and particulars free from your dealer, or direct from

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LIMITED, WHITEHALL SOAP WORKS, LEEDS.

MINIATURES

Exquisite Miniatures on Ivory or Drawing Paper in pure Water-Colours from any Old or New Photograph **WITHOUT SITTINGS.**

Likeness From Work
Convincing £2 12s. 6d. Refined.

Post your Photograph—we will advise you before any expense is incurred.

KETURAH COLLINGS
73 Park St., Grosvenor Square,
London, W.

A tin of my very own—
and it's **Calvert's**
Tooth Powder

Sir John Bennett, Ltd.,

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

£15
GOLD.

SPECIALITIES for SPORTSMEN.

Watches of every description for RACING, HUNTING, YACHTING, GOLFING, CYCLING, &c., &c.

CHRONOGRAPHS.

Gold Keyless Chronograph, with Fly-back Seconds Hand, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate Half Chronometer, Jewelled in 13 Actions, 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-hunting, and Crystal Glass Case, registering the Seconds and Fifths of a Second. Specially made for Hunting and Rough Wear.

GOLD ... £15, £20, £25, £30, £40.
SILVER, ... £5, £8, £10, £15.

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

Gents' Gold Double Albert, 18-ct., from £12 10s.; 15-ct., from £9 15s.; and 9-ct., from £5 5s.
The Largest Stock of Gold Alberts in London,
18-ct. gold from £5, 9-ct. gold from £2 10s.

£5
SILVER.

THE "CHEAPSIDE"

World-famed for Accuracy and Durability.

Our "Cheapside" $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate English Keyless Lever, with Chronometer Balance and fully Jewelled in Rubies, in strong Silver Case, with Crystal Glass. The Cheapest Watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust tight, £5; Do. in Gold, £15.

65, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.,
AND
105, REGENT ST., W.

**NEW MODEL**

Coloured Top, Glacé Patent Goloshed **24/-**
Also in all Brown Tan Calf **22/-**

**LEADING
THE FASHION**

Pinet Boots and Shoes are to-day acknowledged to be the Standard to which all Ladies' Footwear is now built. This reputation has been achieved only by leading the fashion and by ever creating models that are beautiful in design, sensible in shape, and comfortable in wear.

Pinet's Footwear is the World's Best—and remember the best is always the cheapest.

**LADIES' COURT SHOE**

With stout sole for street wear

Glacé Kid or Patent **18/6**
Buckskin in all colours **19/6**

We invite you to call and view our splendid range of new models which have been designed for this season.

F. Pinet

May we send you our beautiful New Catalogue, which contains illustrations of the new Season's Fashions?

47 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W

**Vallora
Cigarettes**

Blended with Old Noted Dubecs.
The Gnostics' 'long-sought' ideals

From 6/6 to 9/6 per 100.

SAMPLE Boxes—

5 extra fine, 6d.
6 extra 6d.

Obtainable of all high-class purveyors, or
VALLORA & CO., Ltd.,
170, Piccadilly, W.



By Royal Warrant
to H.M. the King.

**HEERING'S
(COPENHAGEN)
CHERRY
BRANDY**

Purveyors to the
Royal Danish &
Imperial Russian
Courts.

**"PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL"
SPRING TONIC**

to take is the dainty tonic, pick-me-up, and certain cure for Anæmia, **IRON 'JELLOIDS'**. An avalanche of testimony from Physicians, the Medical Press, and the Public. A delightful restorative suitable for all, thoroughly reliable and genuine. Write for FREE SAMPLE, and Treatise on "Anæmia," by Dr. ANDREW WILSON, to—

THE 'JELLOID' Co. (Dept. 3 P.D.),
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**SEA AND SUN TOURS**

TO FRANCE, SPAIN, PORTUGAL.
PACIFIC LINE TRANSATLANTIC MAIL STRS.
11 DAYS } ORAVIA (Twin Screw), 5356 tons.
FOR £10 } Return Tickets valid six months.
Illustrated Handbook on Application.
LONDON { **ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.,**
5, Fenchurch Avenue; 28, Cockspur Street.
LIVERPOOL { **THE PACIFIC STEAM**
MANCHESTER { **NAVIGATION COMPANY.**

There is as much in the choice of a fine liqueur as in the choice of tobacco or wines. To end a dinner fittingly—ask the waiter to bring you a glass of genuine Kummel—world-famous Allasch. Ask for it by name. Say

J. A. MENTZENDORFF & CO.'S

**ALLASCH
KUMMEL**

But note—none genuine without the signature

"G. B. v. BLANCKENHAGEN" on the label.

**MARIANI
WINE**

The **BEST TONIC**
RESTORATIVE
for all cases of
MENTAL & PHYSICAL
BREAKDOWN.

Recommended by 8,500 physicians for exhaustion, want of energy and general debility.
Trial Bottle, post free, 4/-, from
WILCOX, 49, Haymarket, S.W.

SPROCK'S

Made in Sheffield, England. Ground in Germany.
"NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING."

SPROCK'S RAZOR STROPS
5/6, 6/6, & 7/6 each.



POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, FROM
ALL CUTLERS AND HAIRDRESSERS.
Wholesale only: Parton, Son & Co., Ltd., 5 & 6, Bull Ring, Birmingham.

Each Two Seven Razors
Black Handles, 5/- 16/6 50/- per case.
Ivory " 7/6 21/- 63/-

RAZORS.**Hunyadi
Janos**

The Best Natural Aperient
Water for sluggish bowels.
Brings relief in the natural
easy way. Speedy, sure
and gentle. Try a bottle—
and drink half a glass on
arising, before breakfast, for

CONSTIPATION**Hinde's**

A Post-card brings free Samples.
Hinde's, Ltd., 1, City Rd., London.

Real Hair Savers.



No. 4711.

Eau de Cologne

The modern American Girl studies Parisian methods of preserving and enhancing the Beauty of her Complexion

Famous Beauties claim that the constant use of "4711" Eau de Cologne in bath and basin is the only secret of a beautiful Complexion.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Try the 1s. 6d. box of No. "4711" Eau de Cologne Soap.



One of the
Beauties
and advantages
of

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

is that they contain all that is essential in the best tobacco without any heaviness. Tobacco leaf is like wine, valueless unless ripened by age, and even then all is not fit which is old.

No. 555 : 4/9 per 100 ; 1/3 per 25 ; 6d. per 10.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured by ARDATH Tobacco Co., LONDON.

Wolseley Marine Motors

**hold World's Record for
Reliability and Speed.**

"URSULA," built by us for the Duke of Westminster, has won the Prix de Monte Carlo and International Cup **TWO YEARS IN SUCCESSION**, a feat never before accomplished by any boat.

SPEED.—37.9 knots, the fastest long-distance time ever done at sea.

Send for Catalogue No. 43a, post free.

The WOLSELEY TOOL AND MOTOR CAR Co. Ltd.

(Proprietors: VICKERS, SONS, & MAXIM, Ltd.)

ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.

Telegrams: "Exactitude, Birmingham."

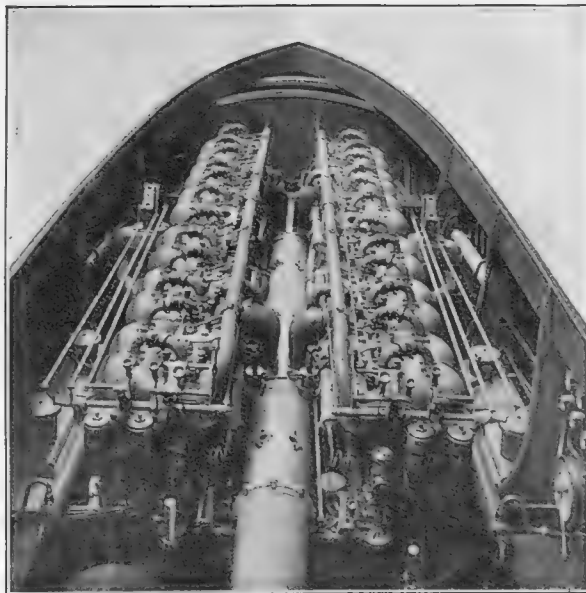
Telephone: 6153 Central.

LONDON: York St., Westminster.

MANCHESTER: 76, Deansgate.

Telegrams: "Autovent, London."
Telephone: 831 Victoria.

Telegrams: "Autocar, Manchester."
Telephone: 6995 Manchester.



View of "Ursula" with fore-deck removed, showing 800-h.p. Wolseley Installation.

F 202

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

More Life
with Liners.

For the benefit of those motorists who are obliged to practise economy, it might be well to draw attention to the saving in tyre-expenditure by the use of Kempshall Fearnought Liners with damaged covers. I hear of a case in which a couple of scrapped covers, 880 by 120—very expensive tyres to renew—have been in use for something like 1300 miles with a heavy limousine, loaded with samples and used for commercial work. It is saving money in such directions as this that makes motoring a profitable proposition to the "commercial gent."

The 15-h.p. Itala. Italy as a country does not boast a large number of motor-manufacturers, but the few houses who owe her allegiance stand in the very front of the automobile engineering ranks for workmanship and design. From general evidences, it would appear that automobile design appeals to the Italian engineers, many of whom have made this subject peculiarly their own. Of such is the designer responsible for the lines and dimensions of the now well-known Itala cars, which enjoy a reputation equal to anything else of Continental origin. If competitive successes count for repute, the Itala stands high up in the list, for since 1905 the name has never been absent from the winning lists. The latest Itala, the 15-h.p.—the sole concessionaires for which are The Motor House, 314-368, Euston Road, N.W.—is well worth attention. Its 75 mm. x 110 mm. *en bloc* engine, with opposed and particularly accessible valves, is a fine piece of work, as is the

gear-box and back axle. The complete car, with torpedo body, hood, and screen, at £395, is remarkable value.

A Correction.

In speaking of the Pirelli tyre, in the issue of 13th inst., I referred also to the Pirelli reinforced inner tube, which will also be made by Messrs. Pirelli for use with their tyres. It should be understood that this is not a reinforced tube made under any system appertaining to the Pirelli firm, but is a Challenge reinforced inner tube made, as already described in these notes, under license from the Reinforced Inner Tube Company, Ltd. The fact that such tubes will be supplied with the Pirelli covers will prove a great factor in their favour. In these days of high rubber cost, a device which adds 50 per cent. or more to the life of a pneumatic tyre is an item to be considered.

Inclusive Prices for
Complete Cars.

Argylls, Ltd., of Alexandria, N.B., have realised the general misconception which arises from the present method of pricing motor-cars, and have decided to depart from the practice of listing cars at bare cost, without the essential extras and supplementary fittings. In future I learn that Argyll cars will be quoted inclusive of certain absolutely necessary extras. A four-page leaflet has been issued giving

the items included with each six powers of cars, from the 10-h.p. to the 30-h.p. six-cylinder. This welcome innovation is sufficiently interesting to warrant the quotation of the list in connection with, as an example, the 14-16-h.p. Argyll. Here are the accessories: 815 by 105 Dunlop grooved tyres, high doors to front seats, wind-screen, usual tool outfit, necessary fittings for standard hood, three lamps and horn, number-plates. Surely a generous list.



"I'VE GOT A MOTOR—MORE HASTE LESS SPEED—LIMIT": MR. ALFRED LESTER ON HIS NOISELESS NAPIER, WEARS A DOLEFUL DOODY LOOK.

Mr. Alfred Lester, who as Doody in "The Arcadians" nightly brings down the house by looking the picture of misery, and by his song "I've Got a Motor," has lately got a motor—a noiseless Napier. In our photograph he is seen endeavouring to convince Robert that, so far from exceeding the speed-limit, he ought to be charged with loitering.

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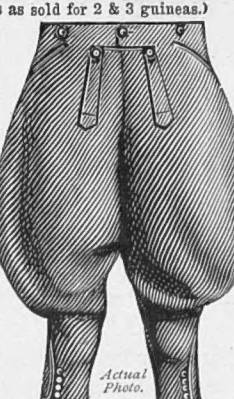
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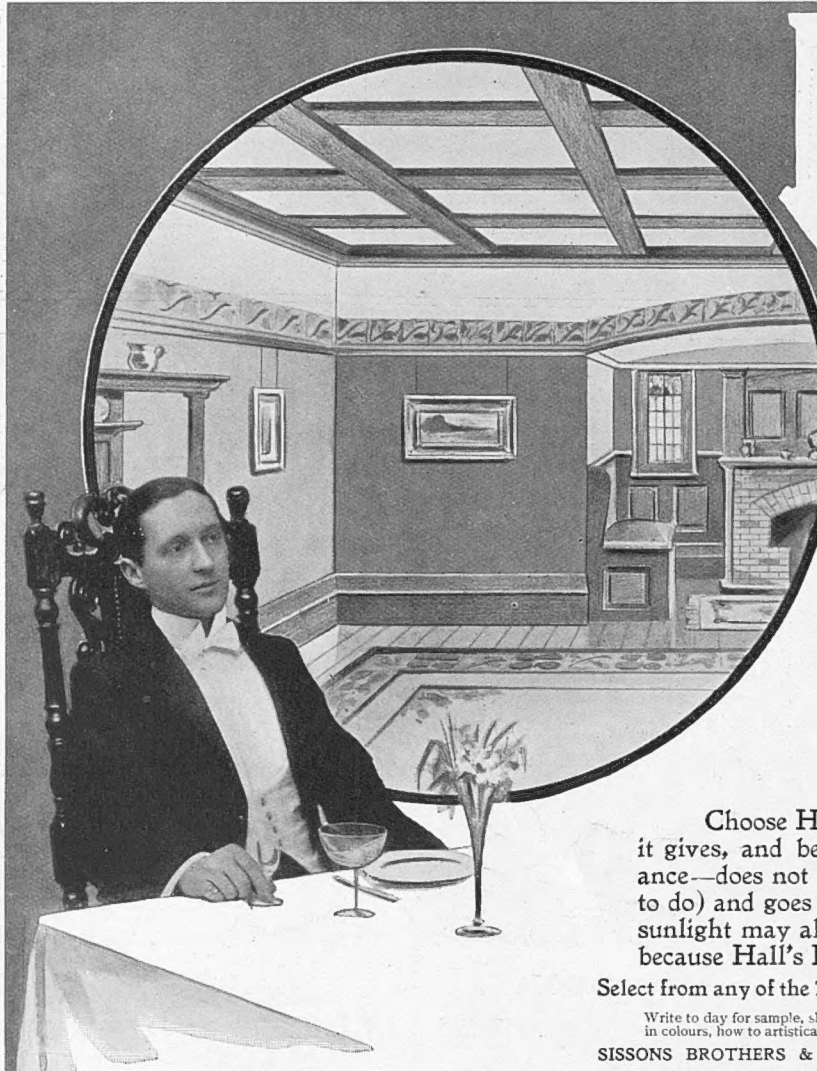
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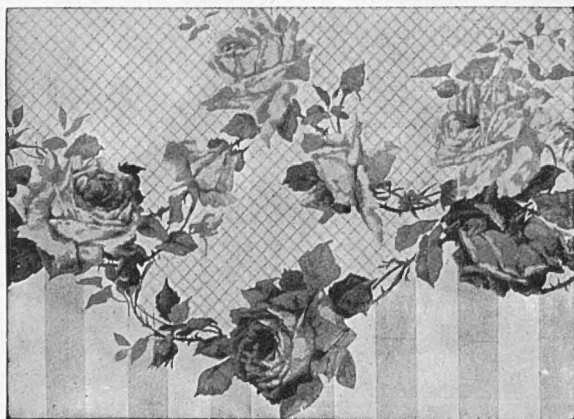
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Devourers."

By A. VIVANTI
CHARTRES.
(Heinemann.)

Notwithstanding an ominous preface all about heart's-blood and eagles, the Devourers prove to be nothing more fierce than sucking babes of three generations. The infants develop in every respect along familiar lines, even to scribbling verse and demanding tunes. But the great departure lies in the fact that each of the three baby girls is a genius—at least, two of them are; and the third, though left in its cradle, will doubtless uphold the tradition. "The world has now seen three women poets," said the great master of Italy to Nancy, who is Number One of the babies, "Sappho, Elizabeth Browning, and yourself."

She felt genius like an eagle beating great wings against her temples. Inspiration, nebulous and wan, stretched thin arms to her, and young ideas went shouting through her brain. Then the phrase, like a black-and-white flower, rolled back its thundering petals, and the masterpiece was born.

Only one third of it, however: for the little poetess has fallen in love with a handsome Neapolitan scamp, has married him, and herself bears a small Devourer, who in turn hears Glory the Sorcerer, piping her over the hills. Anne Marie was a married prodigy; in Berne the police had to hold the crowd back for her plunging horses; in Turin they were taken from the carriage; in Naples they thought her possessed by a spirit. And Anne Marie's mother melted into the shadow, where her mother sat while Italy raved of its Sappho. But Anne Marie also falls in love, drops her violin, and produces a little creature who interrupts her renaissance of ambition with the cry from the cradle which has become a refrain: "I am hungry." The conclusion of it all would seem to be that female genius and motherhood are incompatible; though, since the former is excessively rare, more so than our story would suggest, and the latter extremely common, perhaps it scarcely matters. The pretty, often fine writing is marred in places by such un-English expressions as "an

unverisimilarly large cheque," "unverisimilar-hats," "a caliginous head-dress," and the "cessated" hands of the dead.

"Olivia L. Carew."

By NETTA SYRETT.
(Chatto and Windus.)

Miss Syrett has been engaged with a heroine of pronounced views on genius and marriage. "I've always looked upon love," says Olivia, "as a hindrance to one's development. It soon passes. Women who aspire to great things in art ought to be unmarried." Nevertheless, Olivia did aspire, and was married when she uttered these sentiments over the buttering of her toast. What women call a really nice man had carried the little, prim New England school-ma'am off her feet and to the altar; the marriage-tie had carried her after him to England and Italy, but her whole being revolted against wifehood or motherhood. Olivia was not in any sense what women would call a really nice woman; she was, indeed, an incredibly ignorant and crassly selfish prig, nor could aught have saved her in the eyes of the sterner sex but a combination of corn-coloured hair and cornflower eyes, with an American instinct for dress. Love and Dick Carew spent their last shot without piercing the crust of ridiculous vanity that presented Olivia in Olivia's mental mirror as a genius. Siena—and Miss Syrett is lyrical about Siena, with its old roofs like overlapping sea-shells—fails to do more than impress her with a sense of squalor and dullness. Nothing less than her wooing; winning, and desertion by Hugh Alison, an æsthetic Lovelace, are necessary to bring her to other people's senses of the real Olivia, divested of her message and mission, her fierce Puritanism torn to rags, and her mythical genius leaving her to the fate of a discredited, forlorn, and foolish little woman. It is a tribute to Miss Syrett to say that when she commands sympathy for such a heroine at her most unsympathetic, she easily gets it, and one is glad to accept a finale of somewhat strained coincidence in order to be present at an interview where Love and Dick Carew are restored to their chastened Olivia.

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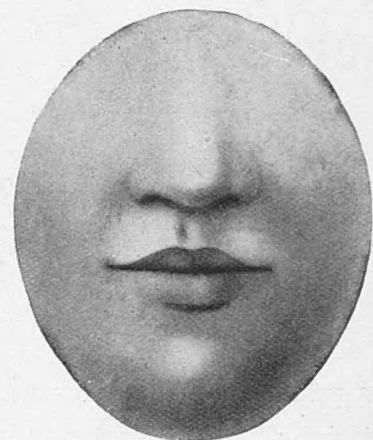
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